JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 23, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1184.
Vol. XLV.

WILLS'S
GOLD
FLAKE
CIGARETTES
ALWAYS
FRESH

JOHN BULL'S GREAT ·GIFT· OFFER

5 years guarantee with each pen.

The "John Bull" Pen! A name to conjure with! Tens of thousands of delighted users! Value supreme—admittedly worth 15/-! Get yours to-day and receive **Free** a magnificent 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. Send six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only, plus 3d. postage and insurance, and actually save 13/6.

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JOHN BULL'S Pen Coupon.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented **FREE** a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), **ANY DATES**, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 6d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib—**JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

"SIMPLY ASTOUNDING."

The value is simply astounding. I have only one criticism—your announcement does not adequately prepare one for what is offered.

J. W. D., Dulwich.

ADVANCE CLUES OF 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 2.

We give below advance details of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 2. Entry Forms for this Crossword, for which a £500 Must-be-won prize is offered, will appear in JOHN BULL next week.

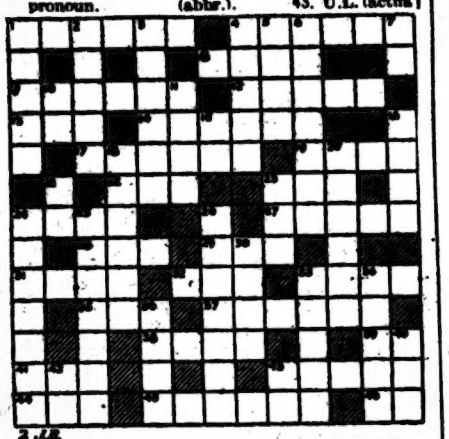
Be sure to enter this week for JOHN BULL Crossword No. 1, which you will find on page 4.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Furred animal.
4. Hole in the ground.
8. An ollo.
9. To bind by affection.
12. Make one.
13. Monkey.
14. Aromatic oil.
17. Pleasant taste.
19. State of comfort.
22. Adult males.
23. Conjunction.
24. A swelling.
27. Narrow piece of leather.
28. Greasy fluid.
29. Smart blow.
31. Behind.
32. Part of a grate.
33. Flat circular surface.
35. Recent.
37. Indicate.
38. To border upon.
39. Victorian Order (abbr.)
41. 20 cwts.
43. An attendant.
44. Hen-fruit.
45. Small.
46. Regarding.

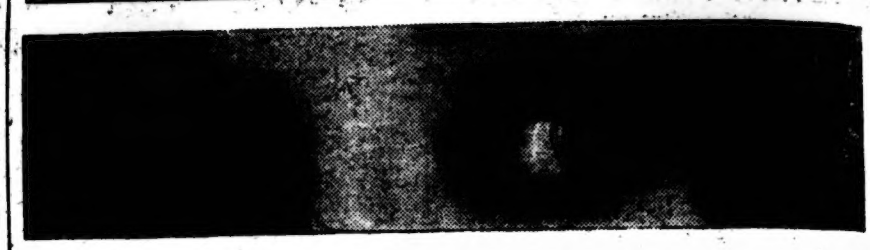
CLUES DOWN.

1. Much used as food.
2. Poisonous snake.
3. To make able.
4. To become red.
5. Forearm bone.
6. Clothing.
7. Personal pronoun.
10. North Pole. (abbr.).
11. Liquid precipitation.
15. London Scottish (abbr.).
16. Retain.
18. Emperor's territory.
20. Dexterous.
21. Trades Union. (abbr.).
23. Serpent.
24. Bearded.
25. Groaning.
26. Manufactured goods.
30. Aid.
33. To immerse.
34. Separate.
36. To howl.
40. Crude mineral.
42. Old German (abbr.)
43. U.L. (actna)



J.B.

Entry Forms in "John Bull" Next Week.



All eyes on page 38—

Before you turn over be sure to read the important announcement on page 38. If you want to get a magnificent "J.B. Ensign" Camera free, not only for yourself, but for a friend as well—*you must hurry*. This may be your very last opportunity.

Don't kick yourself for not taking advantage of our offer. Get the application forms on page 38 filled in to-day!

REMEMBER THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY TO GET A "J.B. ENSIGN" CAMERA FREE

Follow this arrow to page 38!

£5-5 PEGSWOOD COLLIERY. Mr. J. H. WILSON, 409, Lansdowell Terr.
£5-5 GRIMESTHORPE. —Mrs. L. SWINDEN, 16 Upwell Lane.
£5-5 BOROUGH-BRIDGE.—Mrs. H. WALKER, Mikado Cafe.
£5-5 CHATHAM.—Mrs. F. FRANKLIN, 19, High St., Luton.
£5-5 CLYST ST. MARY, DEVON—Mrs. A. LEACH.
£5-5 STRATFORD, E.15. — Mrs. R. CHASE, 51, Edith Rd., New Town.
£5-5 READING. — Mrs. F. KING, 81, Edgehill St.
£5-5 ST. ANDREWS, FIFE. — Mr. J. STEVENSON, 20, Shore Head.
£5-5 HEANOR, NOTTINGHAM. — Mr. N. THORNHILL, 7, Nelson St.
£5-5 MANCHESTER. Mrs. L. T. DEWHURST, 15, Carlton St., Cheetham Hill.
£5-5 NOTTINGHAM. —Miss N. TAYLOR, 370, Alfreton Rd.
£5-5 LETTERSTON, PEM.—Mr. J. A. WILLIAMS, Porthgain.
£5-5 KINGSLEY, NORTHAMPTON —Mr. B. J. PAYNE, 38, Romany Rd.
£5-5 SUMMERCOURT, CORNWALL.—Mrs. R. J. HOSE, Mitchell.
£5-5 Nr. BASINGSTOKE.—Mr. F. C. TOWNSEND, "Cranmore," Worting.
£5-5 COVILON, ABERGAVENNY. —Mr. A. JENKINS, Ivy Cott.
£5-5 GODALMING.—Mr. E. PACKETT, 191, Mead Row.
£5-5 Nr. CULLOMPTON.—Mr. W. J. BAKER, Belmore, Uffculme.
£5-5 DORCHESTER.—Mr. F. MARSH, 6, Alice Rd.
£5-5 ROCHDALE LANCS. — Mr. J. TAYLOR, 1, Ernest Terr.
£5-5 OGMORE VALE, BRIDGEND.—Mrs. I. DOYLE, 45, Walters Rd.
£5-5 SOUTH SHIELDS. —Mr. J. LALLY, 51, Taylor St.
£5-5 NORTHAMPTON —Mrs. G. CARVELL, 82, Gordon St.
£5-5 NORTH SHIELDS —Mr. G. DOWNIE, 59, Stephenson St.
£5-5 KINGSTHORPE, NORTHAMPTON. —Mrs. A. B. WARD, 20, Cranbrook Rd.

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50 MORE £5-5-0 CHEQUES

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FIRE · STORM · FLOOD · SICKNESS · ACCIDENT and CHILDREN

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

J.B. 23.2.29.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

J.B. 23.2.29.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

£5-5 Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. E. W. Docsworse, 71, Beatrack Rd., Shuttlewood.
£5-5 NORTH SHIELDS —Mrs. R. COXON, 61, Norfolk St.
£5-5 JARROW. — Mr. G. PEARSON, 23, Salem St.
£5-5 Nr. POLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. CONSTABLE, "The Don," Capel.
£5-5 RUGBY.—Mr. E. W. RICHARDSON, Knight Low Hill, Stretton-on-Dunsmore.
£5-5 JARROW-ON-TYNE. — Mrs. D. LIVINGSTONE, 124, Hope St.
£5-5 NORTH SHIELDS —Mr. J. S. BELL, 140, Grey St.
£5-5 ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE. — Mr. B. TAYLOR, 4, Portugal St.
£5-5 ABERDARE, GLAM. — Mr. H. CRONA, 7, Nant Row.
£5-5 TREDEGAR. —Mrs. W. J. WILLIAMS, 66, Charles St.
£5-5 HALIFAX.—Mrs. R. WOMERSLEY, 1, Taylor St., Old Crossley Terr.
£5-5 TREHARRIS, GLAM. — Mrs. W. J. WILLIAMS, 30, Gresham Place.
£5-5 BOLSOVER.—Mrs. FERRADAY, Sen., 20, Scarsdale St., Carr Vale.
£5-5 GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE. — Mrs. M. WILSON, 97, Bardon St.
£5-5 JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. AMOS, 43, James St.
£5-5 HENDON, N.W.4. —Mr. and Mrs. C. ROBERTSON, 22, Hervist Rd. £5 5s. each.
£5-5 ROCHFORD.—Mr. Jas. WARREN, 2, The Laurels, Millfields.
£5-5 NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. J. SIMPSON, 5, Holden St.
£5-5 SHEFFIELD. —Mrs. I. STEPHENSON, 189, Chesterfield Rd., Attercliffe.
£5-5 SHEFFIELD. Mr. J. HOLT, 225, Spital Hill.
£5-5 LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. CONNOLLY, 29, Toxteth Grove, Toxteth.
£5-5 LOWER TOOTING, S.W.17. —Mrs. M. J. DOCWRA, 24, Summerstown.
£5-5 WAREHAM, DORSET. — Mrs. L. K. DINSDALE, Hanover Cott., Bovington Camp.
£5-5 ALFRETON, DERBY. — Mrs. D. LANGHAM, 34, Leabrooks.

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MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., M'chester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME
BY selling DRAPERY and REMNANTS, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rummage). List free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 28, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—M. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

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CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

WHOLESALE DRAPERY.—Remnants and Art Silk Hosiery. List Free.—J. McLoughlin, Ltd., Dept. B., 5, George street, Manchester.

PENS.—For Marketing, etc. Good lines. No Rubbish.—Ribble Pent Co., 24, Glovers Court, Preston.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

AGENTS WANTED in every district. An opportunity to earn £1 and more weekly selling boots, suits, Bedding, etc., cash or credit.—Write MASTERS, LTD., Rye. (Estd. 1869.)

A BETTER SPARE-TIME AGENCY. Represent an All-British Firm Selling All-British Goods. Highest Commission. Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Men in Work should apply now for Catalogues and full particulars.—SHARMANS, ST. ALBANS.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

500 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for, strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/8, Church Army, 55, Eryanston Street, W.1.

WHY REMAIN UNEMPLOYED? Single men 19-35; may secure FREE: Training, Railway and Ocean Passage, Farm work in Canada.—Apply, Branch Manager, Salvation Army Migration Dept., 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufrs., Dept. 2, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

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(60) BOYS of good education between 15½ and 17 years of age required for training as clerks for the Royal Air Force. Thorough training given. Prospects and pay good. Examinations held in London and provincial centres. Boys possessing recognised School Certificates entered direct without examination. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Apprentice Clerks' Dept. J.B.), Gwydr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For particulars, write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

DOMESTICATED WOMEN WANTED for CANADA, AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND. The Salvation Army offers unique facilities. Work guaranteed. Conducted Parties secure an early sailing. Free and assisted passages.—Apply for particulars, the Branch Manager, 3, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4.

BECOME an Hotel Bookkeeper, Government Inspector, or Woodwork Teacher. Prospectus Free. Write, Chambers College, 335, High Holborn, W.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

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THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE by every small trader who keeps his eye on the thousands of amazing bargains in "THE EXCHANGE & MART," 2d. every Thursday! Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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PLANTOLEUM Super Floor Covering. Latest Artistic Designs. 2/- sq. yd. Carr. Paid Gt. Britain. Send for free patterns.—PLANT'S LINO WAREHOUSE, 26, Central Rd., Leeds.

FREE patterns of CATESBY'S famous Cork Lino, etc., can be obtained by sending the coupon in the advt. on page 14.

READERS' attention is drawn to the GUINIPHONE announcement on page 23.

FOR a 1/- down you can secure a Piano, Gramophone or Cycle of any well-known make. See special offer of Vouchopes on page 5 for this entirely new "Pay as you Please" plan.

FREE QUILTS AND BLANKETS.—This extraordinary offer is made in one of the "Bargain" ads. in *John Bull's* Shop Window (page 5). Can you find it?

A CHAIR which gives comfort by day and serves as a good bed can be yours for 2s. 6d. Crown free catt. of North Bucks Trading Co. on page 5.

JAY'S

WORLD'S LARGEST CREDIT FURNISHERS

WORTH.	MONTHLY.	WORTH.	MONTHLY.
£10	4/-	£100	40/-
20	8/-	200	100/-
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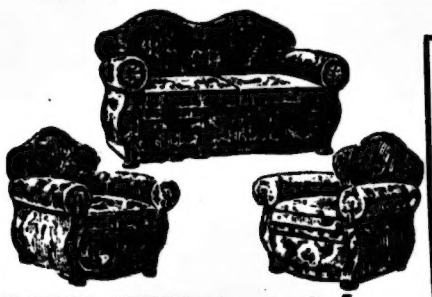
THE COMBINATION THAT MEANS MOST for MONEY—LONGEST CREDIT—GUARANTEED FURNITURE

Open a Credit Account with every confidence. You are safe all ways when you furnish at Jay's, the private company who put customers' interests first.



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10/- MONTH

ALL FURNITURE DELIVERY FREE AND PRIVATELY TO YOUR HOME.

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EXCLUSIVE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, SOLID OAK

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OUR TRAVELLING SALESMAN WILL CALL AND ESTIMATE FREE.

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SHREWSBURY—67, MARDOL.

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TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended. 4 lb. 6/6. 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-. 10 lb. 9/6.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

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RUG WOOL THRUMS mixed colours, 1/6 lb. Illustrated instructions and samples free.—Stedcart, Dept. B., Empire Works, Halifax.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pat. approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Cloth, Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or Instalments.).—Mrs. D. Munsto, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

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VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Paimers, 155, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 3d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 185, High St., Deptford, London.

SAXOPHONES, Piano-Accordeons, Banjos, Jazz Sets, Gramos., supplied on first payments. Stat. requirements. Bessys, 20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

THE GREAT EGG PUSH!—Join in the big Government-aided scheme—substantial profits await you! Read the "POULTRY WORLD," 2d. every Friday, at all newsagents. Specimen Free from J.B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

IF CANARIES DELIGHT YOU, send postcard for FREE specimen copy of "CAGE BIRDS" (2d. every Friday), the only journal devoted to the World's most pleasant and profitable hobby.—J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

SEND p.c. for Liberal Sample of Spillers' "SHAPES"—the new small biscuit for dogs of every age and breed. Four shapes, four flavours: Fruit, Wheatmeal, Ginger, Su.er. Dogs love them.—Write to SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, Dept. J., JACOB ST., BERMONDSEY, S.E.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by rapidly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Osmor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney trouble Mastered at last. Thoroughly cured by PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 5/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 45, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on scientific cure of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc., recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength", sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers (J.B.), 49, 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

BRONCHITIS.—Vapex resolves refractory coughs and complications. Write for free booklet No. 44.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

DO YOU suffer from skin troubles such as Eczema, Acne or other blemishes. If so, send 2d. to-day for free sample of SANOL, the wonderful new discovery, which does actually cure these distressing complaints. Full-sized boxes, 1/3. from J. B. Collins, Chemist, NORTHWOOD.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bonds. Highest cash by return.—Bells, Upper Island Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for W'ks, payments, Inquiry, stating size. London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"GIRLS You Should Not Marry." Fearlessly outspoken advice to the young man, by J. Bowen Bertington, in "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," 3d. now at all newsagents, 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

£50 FOR A POSTCARD! £100 offered in free competition in the March BLUE MAGAZINE, 15 "modern" stories, piquant, frank and fearless. Sealed! Authors include "Volga", Brandon Fleming and Gertie Wentworth-James. 1/- all newsagents; 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" Competition. The proprietors of "Diploma" Cruskits Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10 and other prizes for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Cruskits Cheese or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, March 1. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wills United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

A sample of SHAVEX and a free Shavex Blade Free! Simply cut out the coupon in the advt. on page 31 and send it with 4d. in stamps for packing and postage. Be sure to mention *John Bull*.

ASK "THE BAZAAR" whatever your old pictures, books, ornaments, furniture, etc., have specified value. Free Valuation FREE service.—Write J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1, or see this week's "BAZAAR," 6d. all newsagents.

£500 FOR 6d. — A WONDERFUL CHANCE. TURN TO PAGE 4.

FREEMANS

CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Highest Commissions Paid.

Liberal supply of samples. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

STARVING in SHOREDITCH

Three Times a Prisoner

THERE is a Shoreditch widow, not much more than a girl, who knows from bitter experience just what tragedy means.

"I have sat up in my room many and many a day—hungry," she said.

She came to London from the country with her five children after her husband's death about two years ago. He had suffered tortures as a prisoner of war in Germany for close on three years. He escaped ten days before the Armistice was signed, but for nearly a year he was a prisoner in England in an asylum.

The widow's eldest child

Death released him from his third prison, in bed with cancer, at the age of thirty-nine.

His widow's parents did what they could for their daughter by taking three of the children to live with them—one is deaf and dumb and another has a weak heart.

Arrived in Shoreditch with 11s. in her pocket, of which 10s. had to be paid in advance for rent, the little widow with her invalid daughter, who has a tubercular hip and is blind in one eye, and her baby boy, literally starved.

If a poor neighbour had not taken pity on them and spared a few pieces of bread, which she soaked in tea, they would in all probability have starved to death.

At the end of three weeks, she found work—hard work—which she has kept ever since, earning 25s. a week, on which to maintain herself and the two children.

Life is still an awful struggle. Her little girl has bad nervous attacks. Then the mother has to stay away from work to nurse her, which means no money, the rent getting behind, and more starvation.

Such brave strugglers against adversity deserve all the help our readers can offer.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; H. Tilney (East Dereham), 4s.; Tony (Babbacombe), 1s.; Innerleithen, 8s.; Bill (Yorkshire), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; B. A., 2s. 6d.; Norvic, 2s. 6d.; Cadlo, 5s.; W. M., Jr., 5s.; Happy to Serve (Ryde, I.W.), 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. H. (Coventry), 10s.; M. C., 3s. 8d.; Joseph Almond (Prescot), 1s.; With Love, 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Townie, 1s.; Mrs. Brown (Exmouth), £1; W. S. Roberts (Cilie-tick), 1s.; A. Coull (Ferryden), 5s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Anon. (Warmley), 2s.; Unemployed Sympathiser, 1s.; Nein (Glasgow), 4d.; M. S., 1s.; " " 1s. 3d.; Surrey Reader, 1s.; J. W. B., 6d.; Mary, 1s.; Toni, 6d.; E. C. (Guiseley), 2s. 6d.; F. W. Rudd, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; F. J. O., 3s.; Grateful Parents, 5s.; Monmouthshire, 5s.; Constant Reader, 1s.; Mr. J. A. Rogers (Holborn), £1; Mrs. Vachell, 10s.; Anon., 6s.; Anon., 5s. 6d.; Anon., 5d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A. D. (Ware), £1; A Friend, 1s.; N. C. (Streatham), 10s.; S. P. (Liverpool), 2s.; Shiney, 6d.; KAR, £4; A Poor Woman, 1s.; Mr. J. B. Bridge (Swansea), 5s.; May Stevenson, 2s.; A Bulleteer, 1s.; Selby, 2s. 6d.; J. F. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; J. E. Leather, 1s.; Mary, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Mother (Enfield), 2s.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; A. Jenkins, 1s.; Pensioner (Walsall), 6d.; Rafes, 5s.; With Love, 1s.; AmmP, 8s.; Mrs. May (Brighton), 3s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Anon (Willesden Green), 2s. 6d.; H. A. K. Demmead, 1s.; H. C. Troup, 5s.; S. A. G., 1s. 6d.; J. E. Kerr (Valetta), 2s.; H. Goodall (Dartford), 1s.; R. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; Winner of "Bull" 698, £5; Mr. L. Batty, 2s.; A Mother, 1s.; " " 1s. 3d.; R. C. (Camden Town), 2s. 6d.; More from Glasgow, 10s. Samaritan, 10s.; Foster Mother (Kempston, Bedford), 1s.; Target (Devonport), 1s.; Whist Win, 3s.; Devon Registered Reader, 1s.; Ucelise, 2s. 6d.; P. Taylor (Splott), 1s.; W. T. Wilkins, 6d.; A. E. Collins, 1s.; Mary, 1s.; W. Taylor (Keighley), 1s.; Mr. H. Brockway, 1s.; Well Wisher (Paisley), 2s. 6d.; W. & F. S. (Redhill), 5s.; S. J. Clemo, 1s.; Mrs. C. Jeynes, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; M. C. (One Ninth), 2s. 10½d.; Overtime, 3s.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s.; From Lodge 1s.; Constant Reader, 1s.; F. (Sussex), 5s.; Messrs. W. & A. Cree, 5s.; No Luck at Cards, 2s. 6d.; Willing Shares, 3s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Bulleteer, 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Fruit (Croydon), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from F. E. B. (Acton), Mrs. J. Bretson, D. C. (Heaton), W. N. D. (Plympton), J. M. (Geole), Mrs. E. Edwards, Totteridge).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

* * *

Lose no time in participating in "John Bull's" huge distribution of free "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. It won't be long before these Cameras are exhausted. Turn to page 38 and see how you can get a Free Camera not only for yourself but for a friend as well. DO IT NOW!

ONLY ONE SIXPENNY DOUBLE-ENTRY ALLOWED FROM EACH READER

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

An equal opportunity for all!

£500

MUST · BE · WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6D. FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

CLOSING DATE (noon) FRIDAY, MARCH 1st.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry — entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 7th.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully and be sure to keep copies of your solutions, together with postal order number.

Fill in puzzle below in ink and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order, value sixpence, in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp, and post to :—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 1),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

so as to reach us not later than noon on Friday, March 1st. Entry MUST be sent by post.

Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

Each competitor must write name and address in block letters on the back of the envelope outside.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor, and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

How to Claim.

If one of your Entry Forms ("A" or "B") is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution which will be published in "John Bull" on sale March 7th, send in a claim distinctly stating on which Form ("A" or "B") you are claiming, giving the number of words wrong, if any, so as to reach us at the latest by first post, Tuesday, March 12th.

Readers abroad may wire.

ANY COMPETITOR WHO SENDS IN A BOGUS CLAIM MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FROM TAKING PART IN ANY FUTURE COMPETITIONS.

Claims must be made on a postcard bearing 1d. stamp, which must contain only the following words, stating the number of errors, if any :

"I claim.....errors (in 'A' or 'B' Entry Form)."

Then add your name and address in BLOCK Letters. Postcards containing other wording will be disqualified and claim disallowed. Claims to be posted to—

"CLAIM" (No. 1), "John Bull" Crosswords,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The prizewinner in this competition will be published in "John Bull" on sale March 21st.

Any claimant whose solution has no more errors than that of the competitor or competitors winning the prize, and whose claim reached us by the prescribed date, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, March 26th, on which date the prizes will be distributed, and after which date no claim will be considered.

If such claim is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

Every request for a scrutiny must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Every Competitor an Equal Opportunity!

When you try your skill in "John Bull" Crosswords you know that you will stand just as fair an opportunity of winning a prize as any other competitor.

No reader may send in more than the one double - entry coupon which allows you *two* attempts for an entry fee of sixpence.

"John Bull" Crosswords are Square and Fair. Enter to-day and win a handsome cheque for £500.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. To scour.
6. Shellfish.
10. Agricultural implement.
11. To assert.
13. Terminal.
14. Of not much breadth.
15. S.D. (actual).
16. To shoot.
18. Base.
20. Common tree.
22. Species of deer.
23. Untruthful person.
25. Three feet.
26. Molten.
29. Period of time.
30. Dog Jonah.
32. Steamship (abbr.).
34. A dog.
35. Came together.
36. Thus.
37. To ask.
39. P.N. (actual).
40. A burden.
41. Trades Unions.
44. Spongy.

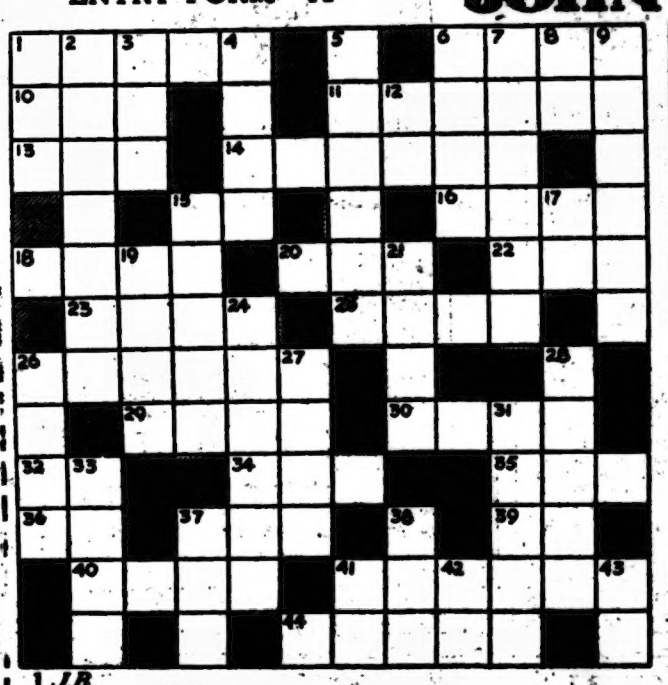
DOWN

1. Personal pronoun.
2. Sympathise with.
3. A colour.
4. To fasten.
5. Not quits.
6. Lump of earth.
7. Recompense.
8. A.G. (actual).
9. Superior.
12. L.R. (actual).
15. Condition.
17. R.O. (actual).
19. Greasy.
21. Wooden hammer.
24. Gathered.
26. A conglomeration.
27. A medicine.
28. To alter.
31. Sufficiently.
33. Singly.
37. Prohibit.
38. A vessel.
41. To travel.
42. L.G. (actual).
43. Thus.

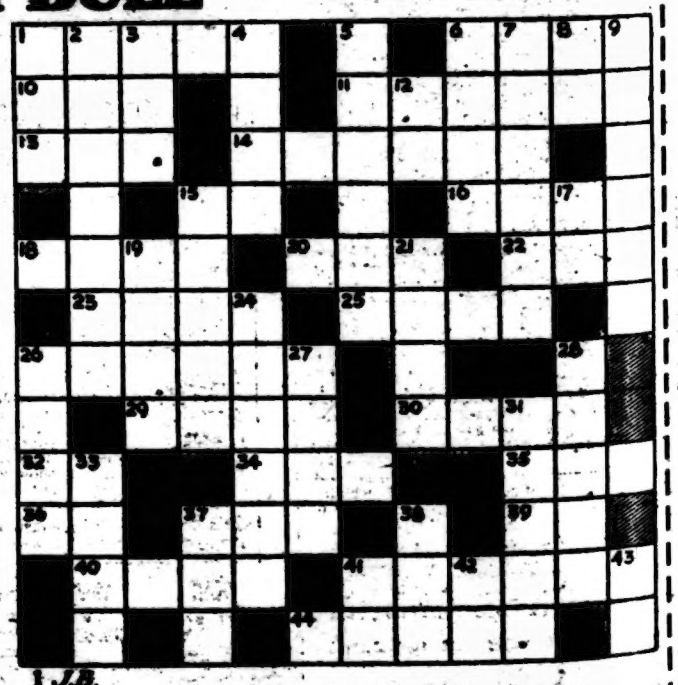
Words in this Competition can be found in Nuttall's Dictionary or Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary (and Supplement).

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" — JOHN BULL — ENTRY FORM "B"



1 J.B.



1 J.B.

Don't forget to write your name and address in Block letters on the back of your envelope.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

(These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.)

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ANOTHER £500 "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

ADVANCE DETAILS OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 2 WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 3.

When you have tried your skill on "John Bull's" £500 "Crossword," try for another £500 by entering for "The People" Pair-for-all Crossword next Sunday!

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until full price paid in all

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Overcoats from 39/6. Dinner Jacket Suits from £4 4s. All made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for Patterns, Style Book and Self Measurement Form to:—

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THE MIRACLE SUPER 2, 3, or 4, complete with all accessories, including Grand Model Loud Speaker as illustrated. Yours for 5/- deposit

Nothing more to pay for a month. LISTS FREE.

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Everything wireless on easy terms.

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SOCK AND JUMPER WOOL. 11 lbs., 5/6, 2 lbs. 10/6, various shades. Odd Lots, 1 lb. to 5 lbs. WHITE, GREY, or NAVY, per lb. 5/10.

Pure Wool Serges from 3/6 yd.

Reliable Tweeds, Tailoring, etc. Ask for patterns.

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3 lbs 10/9 **1½ lbs 5/6**

500 SOLID OAK B&D CHAIRS

2/6 only secures this 4 in 1 Oak Bed-chair. Every customer is guaranteed one until 500 are sold. 10 Weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade, 3 soft Velvet Cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat. Carriage free. England. Postal Orders only.

2/6 (3)

(4)

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GRAMOPHONE DANCERS

The "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers. Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ FOX-TROT, or ONE-STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE

Charmingly dressed and life-like they create endless fun and amusement. Usual price 6/6. SPECIAL OFFER *Complete Satisfaction or money refunded.* Complete Set sent by return.

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1/11 Post 3d. *Sent C.O.D. if required.*

5-15-0

Carr. Paid U.K. or 21 down and 11 monthly payments of 9/6. Model 2a. Beautifully mahogany finished Cabinet. 40 ins. high (as illustrated but not inlaid). Complete with DOUBLE SPRING 3-record "Collaro" Motor, and New Metal Sound Chamber. Full, fine tone and enormous volume. Send NOW for FREE Catalogue, or call and inspect.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES, (Dept. J.B.4), LTD. 72, Camden Rd., London, N.W.1

Also, 149, *High St.,* (N), E. Ham 561, *High Rd., Tottenham,* 41, *George St., Croydon,* 312-314, *Argyle St., Glasgow,* 13, *Paradise St., Liverpool,* & 86, *Oxford Rd., Manchester.*

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To every reader who sends now full cash with order for our Wonderful 20/- Bedding Sale, we will present a FREE Gift of a beautiful ALHAMBRA QUILT in choice colours or a Blanket. This free Quilt is IN ADDITION to the Quilt included in the Sale.

ALL BEDDING for FULL-SIZE DOUBLE BEDS. Approval or money refunded.

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2 Heavy Woolly Blankets, whipped edges and bordered. 2 Fine Twill Sheets, English made, strongly woven. 1 Heavy Floral Quilt, newest colourings. 1 Fine White Bolster-case. Two Fine White Pillow Cases to match.

ALL FOR **20/-** CARR. PAID.

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West End Suits Specially Cut & Tailored to your figure.

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DEPT. A2

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Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.

Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

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On your Gramophone You can transform the cheapest, weakest instrument into a powerfully amplified and super sweet-toned Gramophone equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing results. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or Cash with order, 10/-. State whether sound-box fits in or slips over the tone-arm.

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1 fine White Bolster Case.

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FREE GIFT Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order.

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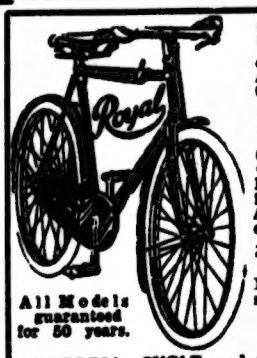

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THURSDAY
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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Gags on Free Speech "F.E." and Dollars

A DISTURBING piece of information has reached us following our revelations of the recent secret Treasury Insurance negotiations.

* * *

One member of the Government opposed the move to introduce a Bill legalising retrospectively the vast number of illegal child insurance policies in existence, so preventing the recovery by policy-holders of any of the millions out of which they have been swindled.

* * *

He was told in plain terms that if his opposition continued his constituency would be flooded with hostile canvassers at the Election. He gave way.

Any *denials?*

The fact is that the insurance companies hold a constant threat over the heads of all Members of Parliament whose "loyalty" is not otherwise secured.

* * *

A well-known politician whom we asked years ago to help in our insurance campaign replied frankly that he would not dare.

* * *

"I might have a perpetual canvass against me day by day and door to door," he said, "by the insurance servants. I would lose my seat."

Perhaps Mr. Churchill will make a statement in the House about this!

A *hint*

By accepting the chairmanship of the Greater London and Counties Trust, Lord Birkenhead assumes direction of the largest electric supply combine in Britain, which, as we have pointed out, is controlled by American interests.

A vast programme of expansion is being planned under his guidance. We are glad he has guaranteed it will be realised by British engineers, labour and materials.

It was to take up this appointment that Lord Birkenhead left the Cabinet and abandoned his political career. He did so with the approval of his ministerial colleagues.

Quite *right, too*

Rolls-Royce is the latest British firm to take steps against the American financial invasion which was exposed in John Bull last week. To-morrow, when the ordinary business of the company's annual meeting has been transacted, a special resolution will be proposed to the shareholders present.

This, by altering the Articles of Association, will, if adopted, prevent shares owned, either directly or indirectly, by any alien or alien corporation from carrying the power to vote at the company's meetings.

Forgotten Aliens—A Free Trip

Farce—Air Progress

We hope that the resolution will be carried and so preserve another prominent British engineering concern from the clutches of the almighty dollar.

Graded citizenship!

Sir Austen has been "seriously considering" altering the wording of British passports so as to provide two forms—one for officially approved and the other for officially unapproved travellers.

What nonsense! If there is to be any alteration it must be the same for all. The present wording is as follows:

"We ..... (the name, rank and title of the Foreign Secretary is given with descriptive pomp) request and require in the name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow ..... to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need."

It would be interesting to know Sir Austen's alternative.

Rule the rulers!

We are asked to believe that the recurrent Indian troubles are entirely of a religious nature.

This tale was told of Malabar during the Moplah rising in 1921, but the trouble is no more due to religious fervour than the mutiny of 1857 was due to greased cartridges.

Lord Irwin, the Viceroy

The key is with the native princes. British justice administered by British officials is one thing and British law as enforced by native officers is quite another.

Each summer hordes of native princes with their retinues come to reside in England or in the South of France. They spend like water the money wrung from their subjects.

The people of India know too well that they are paying for the bun and somebody else is eating it.

How many?

The Home Secretary says that the total number of aliens registered with the police in England and Wales is 219,000.

Yes, but how many are unregistered? Has Sir William ever made any inspection of the papers of hotel and restaurant employees in the West End? We want to know how many are off the books but on the jobs.

We can tell him there are men on the Continent who make a living out of getting aliens into England by faked passports and other methods.

Odds on

Mr. Winston Churchill confessed proudly in the House of Commons that he knew the Bank Rate was going to be raised.

Perhaps he'll tell British trade when it's going to be lowered. We predict that it will be down before the General Election.

Getting over influenza

Influenza won't be quite so bad if you pass away the time working out John Bull's Square and Fair Crossword competition on page 4.

You may lose weight with influenza, but if you win this competition you will certainly put on five hundred pounds (cash).

And remember every reader stands an equal opportunity.

Sinister open secret

The League of Nations, at the invitation of the British Government, is to send a commission to investigate the opium evil in the East.

So far as Britain is concerned, there is a Government monopoly of this drug in Hong-Kong.

The monopoly is a farce. Anybody can get all the opium he wants in China, and a free trip for League officials won't discover anything new.

Our ailing Primate

The Archbishop of Canterbury is a very sick man indeed.

Resignation after only a few months of office is not a cheerful nor desirable prospect, but it is only too likely at the moment.

His safe seat

As the General Election draws nearer many Members of Parliament are beginning to quake lest they may lose their seats, but not Colonel Josiah Wedgwood.

Whatever politics he professes it is always a foregone conclusion that a Wedgwood of the great pottery family will be returned for Newcastle-under-Lyme.

"Josh" Wedgwood originated about the only joke of the sorry Gallipoli campaign. When rolled over by a Turkish bullet, he enquired where he had been hit.

When he was told, he murmured: "Thank God, my seat is safe!" He explained afterwards that he was thinking of his seat in the House of Commons!

Dead Sea breezes

Colonel Howard-Bury, M.P. for Chelmsford, has frequently made allegations concerning the persons to whom the Government has given a concession for extracting salts from the Dead Sea. A Mr. Novomeysky is the mystery man out there.

Col. Howard-Bury

Colonel Howard-Bury suggests that equal facilities were not given to "a British group" who wanted to work the concession.

It is a complicated business, but one thing certain is that Mr. Novomeysky, whatever his nationality, is not wanting in foresight. This gentleman was sniffing round the Dead Sea as long ago as 1911.

The Dead Sea contains an untold store of potash, and it is to be hoped that the potash monopoly which controls 77 per cent. of the world's supplies is not to corner this concession too.

Winged leviathans

Big things are moving in the Air world. Stimulated by the construction in Germany of enormous flying-boats, and by much criticism in the House of Commons, the Air Ministry has designed a huge flying-boat of over 4,000 horse-power and is considering plans for even larger vessels.

These machines are intended for civil purposes. They will be all-metal. In one gigantic central hull will be carried passengers and cargo.

There will be sleeping accommodation and tanks for petrol and fresh water sufficient for non-stop flights of at least 1,000 miles.

Exploiting the King's illness

The running of special charabanc trips to Craigweil House should be prohibited forthwith.

These are not merely due to vulgar curiosity, though in the circumstances that is bad enough.

They are blatant attempts to make money out of the King's illness.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Not much loss

The grounding of the *Ville de Liege* at Dover has yet to be explained, and explanation is likely to be difficult.

But her total loss would not be a matter for much regret. Although not twenty years of age, she was a decidedly uncomfortable boat.

In a heavy sea, she made the Dover-Ostend crossing a nightmare and that harmless and necessary restorative, whisky, was as dear on board as it was virtually undrinkable.

A canteen grouse

At a time when scores of thousands of ex-Service men are unemployed, and existing under the most pitiful conditions, the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute continues to employ cheap labour,—women in England and foreigners in such places as Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt.

The concern is making plenty of money. Why cannot it help to relieve the distress of the men who helped to found its financial success?

There are plenty of good domestic situations for the women.

Better than pamphlets

You may know nothing of Sava Botzaris as a sculptor. We will tell you something about him as a man.

Sava Botzaris

He is a Yugo-Slav and he is a genius. We have seen many of his sculptures, and there is one, we think, that is a masterpiece.

It is the nude figure of a soldier with a medal pinned to his bare chest.

It is an anti-war memorial.

And when we gaze on the swords and rifles and cannon and war-horses of our London monuments it makes us think.

Unsatisfactory

The Minister of Health is shortly to send a sharp reminder of their duties to Kent Local Authorities in the hop-picking area.

The sanitary conditions in some parts have been publicly admitted by this Minister to be "unsatisfactory."

Or as we would say, less mildly but more truthfully, a public scandal. We shall keep our eye on these areas next season.

Moving forward

Are our canals to come into their own at last? The formation of the Grand Union Canal Company and the mechanically propelled barge will result in the speed of canal traffic comparing very favourably with that of the railways. It seems there is some prospect of a move forward.

Canal sites for factories are cheaper than the sites provided by the railways.

Girls in gas-masks

With the country crying out for perpetual peace, even young girls are being trained on military lines, drilled and given arduous camp training.

Not only that, but they are actually acquainting themselves with the use of gas-masks.

The mothers of the future who belong to the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, which indulges in such war-like activities, has now been recognised by the War Office.

Some of them were toddlers in the last war. If the poor things don't know, let them be told.

Safety at sea

The forthcoming International Conference for the safety of life at sea gives Britain a great opportunity.

Overloaded ships, improper conditions on tropical voyages, rotten life-saving equipment will all come up for discussion.

A few home truths conveyed to our more careless foreign competitors may indirectly help British sailors.

Sir Austen Chamberlain and his delegate must remember that this will be an occasion for straight sailor-talk and no diplomatic finesse.

Where are they?

Of the 8,500 men sent out by the Government at a cost of £170,000 to work in the Canadian harvest fields last summer more than 6,400 have returned home.

About 2,000 of the men have remained in Canada, and the Government is complacently assuming that all these men have got work.

But have they? The Government has no knowledge of where these men are in Canada, and parents who have lost all trace of sons are writing pathetic letters to M.P.s, asking for a search to be made.

As before

Not long ago we revealed the fact that a new £330,000 whaling concern launched in this country had appointed foreign experts to execute the practical side of its business.

Were there not, we queried, any harpooners left in this country?

An interested reader began collecting statistics. From the various European countries he received prompt and reliable information regarding the numbers of men employed in the industry, but, on application to our own Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture and the Colonial Office in turn, he was told that "no statistics are available which would enable your enquiry to be answered with accuracy."

What a "whale" of an incompetent Government!

Stout fellow

The Boy Scouts of Burton-on-Trent should be proud of their fifteen-year-old colleague, Frederick Dunrose.

Although suffering from an illness, he dived into the icy-cold, twelve-feet-deep water of a canal and rescued a six-year-old girl from drowning.

Not content with bringing the child safely to the bank, he dived in again in order to salve her doll's perambulator!

We like a lad like that.

About the bishop

The character of the "Right Reverend Thomas Marshall, Bishop of the National Church of Christ Mission, of Gold Coast and Nigeria" (we have his card before us!) may not be so black as his complexion.

At the same time, householders and small shopkeepers in the suburbs should be wary of subscribing to his "mission."

For the Charity Organisation Society, the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts are unanimous in disclaiming any knowledge of the dusky "bishop" or his campaign.

Cautious Samaritans

The Bolton Watch Committee badly needs watching itself.

Recently it received an earnest application requesting that the borough ambulance should be permitted to attend serious cases of illness that occurred just outside the borders of the town. The request was turned down.

Let us hope that the first person seized with illness just outside Bolton is not a member of the Watch Committee.

Spies and spite

The Manchester Tramways Committee is barely playing the game in permitting its "spies" to board 'buses controlled by private companies in order to discover obscure and paltry offences against the by-laws.

The committee is, no doubt, acting quite in accordance with the law, but it has nothing to be proud of all the same.

A dupe

We referred recently to one H. R. Rawlings, of Leeds. We have discovered that Rawlings is really a dupe, who was persuaded by Mr. F. Iles, of that dubious concern, the "Traders' Institute," Bristol, to send out circulars to a hundred supplied addresses.

Rawlings was indiscreet enough to use the address of his employer, Mr. Alan J. Fenton, an accountant and auditor, of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, who knew nothing whatever of the matter.

The lying Dutchman

"Professor" C. Van de Zaar, of Forest Mansion, Haarlem, Holland, claims that he is the "only astrologer to appear before King and Queen."

Readers should be aware of his advertisements offering, for a small sum, to supply an astrological reading of your character and future. We have seen some of the rubbish sent in return.

"If at first . . ."

Mrs. M. H. Cheyne, of Grosvenor Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will certainly be one of the first at the polling station on the next General Election Day.

Mrs. Cheyne

Her pithy and thoughtful line, "Change that's coming — Short skirts sweeping country," won for her our monster 700 guineas prize in Bullets Competition No. 702, and she has every reason to be grateful to the "Flapper Vote" that inspired her bright idea.

Mrs. Cheyne deserves her victory. For twelve years she has been striving for a "big" prize. Never down-hearted, she has carried on, and her ultimate success should be heartening news to others.

Music and muddlers

For his renowned services to music, Sir Dan Godfrey was knighted by the King. For thirty-six years of unremitting toil on behalf of Bournemouth his reward is likely to be snubs and humiliations.

Sir Dan

After the Duke of Gloucester has opened the new Bournemouth Pavilion, he will cease to be musical director, and become merely conductor of the Municipal Orchestra.

For years a section of the Town Council has "had it in for him." There have been wrangles over his salary, his status, and his musical programmes. Now the orchestra itself is in peril.

Bournemouth has fine musical traditions. It should not tamper with them.

A rogue to arrest

Time and again we have exposed the crooked enterprises of Albert Frederick Roberts, on whose latest venture, Farm to Consumer, Ltd., of Streatham High Road, S.W., we threw the searchlight only a month ago.

His latest victims are a Gillingham farmer, who has obtained a judgment order for £200, and another farmer, who has been victimised to the extent of £320 odd. The builder who fitted up his new premises has also been duped.

Exclusive thews

The Boatrace will be decided at noon on March 23. Three hours later crews from all the most important rowing clubs in Britain will decide a "head of the river" contest over the same course.

But why not merge the two events into one? It would do both Oxford and Cambridge good if their crews were both well defeated by the eight of some recently formed and democratic rowing club.

Dobbin digs his grave

In a field at Ely, that was almost barren of grass, was found the mockery of what once had been a horse. It was terribly emaciated, with not a particle of muscular tissue left.

The poor creature was lying in two mud-filled holes which it had scraped with its feet. Its mouth was full of dirt.

When, at the Ely Police Court, Kelsick Inman, proprietor of the Lamb Hotel, Ely, was summoned for causing unnecessary suffering to the animal, he was fined—five shillings.

Monumental cheek

We have received an extraordinary communication from a concern styling itself the "Committee of the International Monument against the War, and in Remembrance of all the Victims of the War."

It appears that if we publish the committee's eloquent appeal for funds we shall be presented with a beautiful bronze reproduction of the "International Monument," to be erected at Geneva, and also that our name will be inscribed in the "Golden Book," that is to be sealed up in the interior of the edifice.

We advise our readers not to part with their money, until the appeal is sponsored by responsible authorities in this country.

* * *

Do not forget that "John Bull's" regular day of sale is Thursday—not Wednesday.

Let the PRINCE SPEAK OUT!

by the ***Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.***

"WOODBINE WILLIE"

(One of the King's Chaplains)

WHAT has the Prince been saying to Mr. Baldwin and the politicians?

He has been and seen for himself. I wonder what he thinks. He is reported to have said either to himself or to someone else, "It is damnable."

That is the stuff to give them. I wish he could go down in a state-coach with white horses and say just those three words, first to the House of Lords and then to the House of Commons.

It *is* damnable. It has been damnable for years past. It was damnable long before Baldwin and Co. were badgered into asking the Prince of Wales to go round with the hat on behalf of the employees in the most important industry in Britain.

The Prince has certainly not seen the worst there is, and never will unless he goes to Wales, where the police are busy using their batons to cool hot heads in a hell of muddle and misery.

And there is worse to come unless——well, to come to the point and put it bluntly, unless the Prince not only goes and sees for himself but comes back and acts for the nation.

National action wanted

COULD he act for the nation? I believe he could. I believe he could act for the nation as no other man in Britain could act to-day. I believe he represents the British people, at this moment and in this matter, as no Prime Minister does or could possibly represent them.

He, and he alone, stands clear away from and above all Party spirit and all sectional interests.

He represents the real heart of the nation as no one else can. The affection and respect which he has won for himself by himself, and the deep-seated loyalty which he commands as his father's son combine to give him a position unique and big with opportunity.

In this matter of the mines and our million unemployed, it is national action that is required, definite, drastic and far-seeing national action.

No piecemeal, happy-go-lucky, small scale methods are any good. United national action is what is required now. United national action was what was required four years ago when all those who had kept their eyes open knew that the threat of disaster was hanging over the coalfields.

That is the bitterest part of this bitter business. It could all have been avoided. It need never have happened at all. We needed vigorous national action in 1925 and all we got was a sloppy subsidy, granted by a sloppy Government, to be used in a sloppy way.

"Oh, it is easy to talk after the thing has happened," you say. But I talked before the thing happened. In the autumn of 1925 I walked up and down Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's room in the House of Commons and talked like a Dutch uncle.

That is all ancient history now, so it may as well come out. I knew then that there was going to be hell to pay unless we pulled ourselves together.

I went down to Wales in the November of '25 and I could see it coming. It kept me awake at night. I hated and feared what I saw, I hate and fear it now.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

It was not revolution that I feared. It was poverty, dirty, grey, shameful poverty. It was the poverty that I know the Prince has seen for himself in Durham and declares to be damnable.

I could see it coming nearer and nearer. I knew there was going to be a row, the devil of a row, and *I knew that the row could do no good, whichever side came out top dog.*

I knew it, and the weird part of it is that I believe everyone else knew it that thought about the business at all. But somehow we seemed to be paralysed. I was desperate, and in my desperation I looked for someone who could stand right out above the Parties and call to the nation as a whole.

I dreamed of appealing to the King. I knew he carried his people and their troubles in his heart and in his head. Anyone who has come in contact with him knows that.

Supposing the King called, would not the nation answer and unite to keep this damnable evil from the door?

Well, I went to Mr. MacDonald in the House of Commons. I walked up and down his room and talked like a torrent.

I told him what I saw and feared ahead. I remember saying, "There is going to be a row, the devil of a row, and, O God, Mr. MacDonald, we cannot afford a row. It does not matter two rotten old rusty pins who wins the row, the people will pay for it, the women and the children will pay for it. Can't we stop it before it is too late?"

He was very good to me. He let it all come out. I don't know whether he thought I was mad, but if he did, he knew there was method in my madness. And there was, though I say it as shouldn't, there was.

Scenes that shocked me

HE agreed in the main with what I said. He knew there was going to be a row. He knew it could do no good. He confessed that he wanted it as little as any man in England, but he was doubtful, very doubtful about stopping it.

He drew the curtain aside and gave me a peep behind the scenes that made my heart sink down into my boots. I stood and gaped through that hole in the curtain and muttered, "O Lord, what a mess!"

However, Mr. MacDonald was all for doing anything that could be done, and bade me go on. I went on as far as I could. Of course, it passed out of my hands very soon. It had to. I saw nobody. I am nobody.

Having seen the distressed mining areas for himself the Prince has pronounced conditions to be "damnable"

But the idea went on. It went a long way on. I believe it went as far as it could short of actual action. It was turned down in the end.

"A miss is as good as a mile," you say. Yes, but the point is that I believe I was right. I believe that if, in that Christmas of 1925, the nation could have received a clear call to national action and could have responded to that call we would have been saved not only the waste of *millions of money but the wicked misery of millions of men, women and children.*

We could have been saved from damnable Durham and still more damnable South Wales.

I believe I was right then and I believe I am right now. The circumstances are in many ways entirely different, but I believe that the need of, and the opportunity for, a clear call to the nation has come again, and the Prince is the man to make it.

He is the only man who could make it with any real hope of a response. He has appealed for charity and the response has been half-hearted. It has been half-hearted because the nation knows in its heart that if, as the big posters say, "Sympathy is not enough," neither is charity.

It is not a solution, it is a wretched put-off that does but prolong the agony. The real solution demands the action not merely of a united nation but of a united Empire.

It is damnable

WE need the brains and resources of every individual, of every class and Party.

There must be a technical revolution in the coalfields. Large-scale amalgamations must be made and made rapidly without wasting precious time in haggling about vested interests.

Uneconomic pits must be promptly closed. Old plant must be thrown on the scrap-heap, and new plant put in its place.

Waste of human effort and raw material must be eliminated. Newer and more scientific methods of using coal must be encouraged.

Unemployment must grow worse, probably much worse, before it is better. Thousands of men must be transplanted. The rate of emigration must be raised up to and beyond the pre-war level.

All this must be done, and we must see to it that the cost of doing it is borne by those who can bear it.

I pray that the Prince may not only pass the hat round but blow a trumpet blast so loud that it can be heard all over the Empire, and when he has got silence, I pray that he may be moved to say: "This cannot go on. It is damnable."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

PLEASE TAKE ME TOO!

Our Stolen Lobsters—The Recording "Angel"—Quashie's Quashed Reward—King of Fashion—North Eastern Ginger

Lt.-Col. Rt. Hon. W. E. GUINNESS, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries.

DEAR GUINNESS,—You have confessed to a heavy fall in employment in British fisheries. You know of the great fleets of foreign vessels that are depleting our coastal waters of lobsters, plaice and other fish.

You are aware of frequent loss of gear by British vessels on certain grounds. You must be conscious of the vast disparity between prices obtained by the fishermen and those charged to the public. You recognise the inadequacy and insecurity of our harbours.

All these and a number of further facts you admit; yet you do nothing.

The trade of Guinness was not built up by your family in this way. Put some private enterprise into your public job. JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—I have no criticism to make of your strictures on "business lies," for which you say there is no justification whatever.

At the same time if all the otherwise decent and upright men, whom I have heard tell "business lies," are to be judged rigorously for them hereafter, heaven will be a very lonely place.

And there won't be many lawyers there. JOHN BULL.

General BRAMWELL BOOTH,
Hadley Wood.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Aren't you glad, deep down in your heart, that you failed to force yourself upon the Grand Council against its wishes?

After all, General Higgins has not taken your job away from you. He is merely, being a younger and fitter man, carrying on your great work more vigorously than ever.

Generals will come and generals will go in the Army for generations to come, but you may rest assured that the name of Booth will live for all time.

Rest content, General, that you have done your duty. The "retired" after your name is a decoration nobly earned. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.
Secretary of State for the Colonies.

DEAR MR. AMERY,—It is an accepted fact that a humble African named Tetteh Quashie, of the Gold Coast, introduced the Cocoa Tree into that colony and cultivated it.

The Gold Coast now exports cocoa to the value of £30,000,000 per annum, and as a mark of appreciation has recently voted £250 to poverty-stricken members of Quashie's family.

You say that no other steps are possible or desirable to assist this family which brought such great benefit to Imperial Trade.

Edmund Burke once said that a great Empire and little minds go ill together. He was right. JOHN BULL.

His Majesty KING ZOGU,
Albania.

YOUR MAJESTY,—Before you are assassinated, as you probably will be, you evidently intend to have a good time.

That's the worst of you self-made monarchs. You are too much inclined to remember that you have a palace, and forget that you have a people.

What on earth are you going to do with those 2,000 suits and uniforms you are said to have collected?

The last time I was in Albania, it struck me that a goodly portion of your subjects could do with a decent rig-out themselves. What about it? JOHN BULL.

S. W. LONGBOTTOM, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.1.

DEAR MR. LONGBOTTOM,—So persistent were you the other day in pressing some minor point concerning a local education committee that you completely wore out the patience of the House.

Even your leader, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was sufficiently exasperated to rebuke you openly.

It will be a lesson to you that long-windedness is the prerogative of the front benches, and that the chief virtue expected of the rank and file is to be long-suffering. JOHN BULL.

JOHN WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT,
Donington.

YOU LOW-DOWN CAD,—Over a long period, you and the so-called woman who is your wife, maltreated your four-year-old daughter in the most diabolical manner.

When the authorities intervened, they found that there was not a square inch of her poor little body that was not bruised.

One eye was black, she was bleeding, and one of her wrists had a "green stick" fracture, which will entail deformity in later years.

Both you and your wife received the maximum penalty of six months' imprisonment. It should have been as many years. JOHN BULL.

Mr. BEN IVINSON,
2, Darley Street, Bradford.

SIR,—One of the most scathing critics of the London and North Eastern Railway, you have contrived to be nominated for a seat on its directorate.

I hope you are elected, for new blood is badly wanted on our railway boards.

You believe that railways exist to render public service, and to render a decent dividend to investors. I agree with you and wish you luck. JOHN BULL.

Captain DOUGLAS HACKING, O.B.E.,
Overseas Trade Department.

SIR,—For sheer ineptitude your reply to a question in the Commons, as to whether your department intends to send an official with the proposed delegation from British Industry to Russia, wants some beating.

"We have not been asked," you said. Must paid servants of State wait like so many school-children to be "asked" before they perform what is a clear duty?

Those in charge of the Overseas Trade Department are paid to develop overseas trade, and not infantile paralysis. JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS,
Olaf Street, Bolton.

SIR,—In a fit of righteous indignation at the sight of your twelve-year-old son cleaning his boots on the Sabbath, you took up the boots, threw them at the boy, and, getting him in a corner, belaboured him.

The poor child was soon in a state of collapse, and sustained serious head wounds. Lacking proper attention, he underwent agonies for a far longer period than the fourteen days you were awarded.

To what church did you say you belonged? JOHN BULL.

The Sentence of the Court

FISHY—*but only too* TRUE!

The Bored of Trade

STIFLING a yawn, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister conquered his boredom sufficiently to plead "Not guilty" to being concerned in the destruction of valuable property, to wit, one million herrings.

"No fish story by the most ancient and unveracious of anglers," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "could be so fantastic as the tale that has been told the public of how, while miners are starving in Wales, a million herrings were thrown back into the sea off Buckie.

"If the jury asks what this criminal juxtaposition of want and waste has to do with the accused, I reply that this gentleman, who now calls himself Cunliffe-Lister, but was formerly known (at least to assiduous readers of Blue-Books) as Lloyd-Greame, is President of the Board of Trade.

"But, unhappily, he did not change his methods when he changed his name, so that the fishing industry, which it was his duty to reorganise, is rapidly drifting to chaos.

"While the sea is teeming with fish, fishermen are out of work. While many people would welcome a fish meal as a luxury, hundreds of tons of valuable fish are being converted into manure, because to put them on the market might bring down prices and spoil the profiteer's game.

"All this shameful waste could be averted by organising the marketing of fish. But instead of seeking to give a 'fillip' to the fishing industry, the Government gave it a Sir 'Philip,' whose ministerial career has won for his department the nickname 'Bored of Trade.'"

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that his client deeply regretted the wholesale destruction of valuable food.

"But these things were governed by the law of demand and supply. Unless the demand for fish, at prices profitable to the vendors, could be artificially stimulated, the supply had to be artificially restricted."

* * *

"Instead of stimulating demand," said Mr. Justice Bull, "what the Government has done is artificially to restrict it by cutting off the Russian market, which formerly took one-half the total British cure of herrings.

"In an attempt to punish Russia for daring to prefer its own form of government to that which has rendered possible the glory that is 'Jix' and the grandeur that is Cunliffe-Blister, the British herring industry has been sacrificed to 'Red' herrings, suitable for drawing across the trail at elections.

"In all herring-fishing centres there are now great stacks of herrings which cannot be disposed of. Yet it has not occurred to the Government to adopt the humane course of buying up these and distributing them in the stricken coalfields.

"The whole situation is so fantastic as to suggest the Adventures of Malice in Blunderland. While fishermen have to subsist on filleted wages, the consumer plays at 'hunt the kipper' and pays an absurd forfeit when he finds it.

"THE sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be forbidden to function as a fishmonger or fisherman until he deals with this fishy business. This means that unless he does something unexpectedly sensible, he will be unable either to hawk 'stinking fish' or 'angle' for votes during the coming election."

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN: "We are suffering in the industrial world from an American fear complex."

Rubbish. All we're suffering from in industry is sheer muddle-headed stupidity.

* * *

BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: "When men and women sin together it is monstrous that the legal moral consequences should fall upon the woman and the man escapes."

And more than monstrous that the Church has done nothing to remove the anomaly.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL: "Ours is a very artificial country."

Made so by a lot of entirely artificial and unnecessary taxation.

* * *

J. D. BERESFORD: "Our social and humanitarian attempts are more or less bungling."

Due to the inveterate British habit of electing bunglers to office.

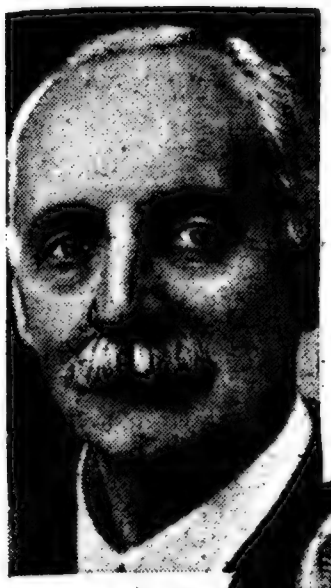
* * *

ROBERT LYND: "If she could, D.O.R.A. would prohibit nightingales from singing after dark."

Enough that she quenches so much human song in daylight.

A MAN WITH A CROOKED PEN

"Financial Outlook"—Black!



Col. E. Satterthwaite, Secretary of the Stock Exchange, which has received many complaints against the bogus financier here exposed

Mr. Justice Horridge, before whom the libel action against Merrick was tried

FOR many years there has operated in the City of London a magnificent figure named Oscar Hull Merrick.

Company after company with which Merrick has been associated has gone to disaster after lifting money from gullible investors, and, although he has long since been notorious in Stock Exchange circles, he contrives always to carry on with impunity.

The latest Merrick venture to go to its doom is the Anglo Sphinx Engineering Company, Limited, which was formed for the purpose of taking over the British and Colonial rights of a motor-car manufactured in France.

Two years ago the investing public was asked to subscribe to this venture, and did so to the tune of something like £11,736.

To-day the concern is in liquidation, and, in addition to the actual investors, there are various creditors who are wondering whether they will get anything from the wreck, and whose claims so far amount to more than £2,000.

Amongst other positions, Merrick held a directorship in a company called the Home Industrial Trust Limited, which he himself formed some time back.

This concern purchased, about eighteen months ago, a paper entitled the *Financial Outlook* a bogus publication which boosts companies for the benefit, not of the investors, but of the proprietors.

Shady operating

The *Financial Outlook* has not restricted itself to the boosting of companies in which Merrick, and his associates have been financially interested. It has, in one case at least, indulged in operations of a far more sinister character.

There is a firm in London which deals in stocks and shares, and which has, apparently, aroused the ire of Mr. Merrick. So, with personal, and not public, motives at heart, Mr. Merrick has for some time persistently criticised the work of the other firm, no matter whether his references have been in the public interest or not.

It appears that the founder of the other firm was a man named Redway, who, many years ago, when quite young, got in touch with a Frenchman named Chansay, who induced him to become a member of a company which, on the surface, seemed to be quite genuine.

Merrick on the make

Chansay, however, turned out to be a rogue. After being behind many flotations, he got himself into grave difficulties, and eventually fled to France, leaving several police warrants out for his arrest in this country.

Long before this, however, Redway had realised that Chansay was a rogue, and had severed all connection with him.

Years later he opened up on his own account, and all was going well until, suddenly, Merrick—who knew of his earlier association with Chansay—approached him for money.

Merrick asked for the loan of £100. The money changed hands. Then, later, Merrick asked for further money, and was refused.

The result was that attacks upon concerns in which the other man was interested started to appear in the *Financial Outlook*.

These "criticisms," which were ignored at first, finally landed Merrick in the dock at Marlborough Street Police Court, where he was charged with sending obscene, indecent and grossly offensive communications through the post, attacking Mr. Redway.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C. He advised Merrick to plead guilty

During these proceedings it was stated by the prosecuting counsel that, over a period of years, for reasons which it was not necessary to go into, Merrick had carried on a campaign of inspired publicity against this man, who had suffered all kinds of indignities at his hands.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., appeared to defend Merrick on this charge, and advised him to plead guilty.

Merrick, he said, has acted in a moment of stupidity, and, now realising that he should not have committed the offence in question, undertook not to annoy Mr. Redway in the future.

In these circumstances, after some very stern comments on his disreputable behaviour had been made by the magistrate, Merrick was bound over.

But Merrick's attacks in the *Financial Outlook* went on and, in October last, Mr. Redway found it necessary to bring an action for libel in the High Courts of Justice against Merrick's Home Industrial Trust Company.

Mud-slinging medium

Merrick, although so willing to fling mud through the medium of the worthless *Financial Outlook* did not think it wise to appear in court to defend the action, with the result that Mr. Justice Horridge awarded damages in Mr. Redway's favour to the extent of £500.

To this day not one penny of these damages, or of the costs which accompanied them, has been paid. Yet Merrick, snug in his City office, is prepared to go on unloading worthless shares upon unsophisticated folk, through the medium of his various companies, and with the aid of this flat-trap "journal," which should forthwith be given a wide berth by all.

VICTORY over MUDDLE

Dilly Dally at Death's Door

SINCE the war JOHN BULL has not spared time, trouble or expense in investigating the grievances of ex-soldiers and, where possible, adjusting them.

In the course of this work we have often encountered the gravest apathy on the part of the Ministry of Pensions.

There has sometimes been appalling red-taped delay that has had the effect of increasing the anxiety of those who have already had quite enough to bear.

To mention one scandalous example of this, we might quote the case of the treatment meted out to Mr. A. J. T. Castle, a Basingstoke ex-soldier, for whom we have, after considerable trouble, managed to secure justice.

Mr. Castle was wounded in the right lung in 1917 and still carries a bullet in this critical spot.

Medical opinion

He was demobilised in March, 1919, with a disablement pension of 20 per cent. This continued until 1924, when he was given a final award.

Just over a year ago, however, he developed tuberculosis and was forced to enter a sanatorium.

Doctors were of the opinion that his illness was the result of his war wounds and he accordingly applied to the Ministry of Pensions for the reopening of his case.

A doctor was sent down to examine him and informed him that he would hear further of the matter.

Eventually Mr. Castle left the sanatorium and, after waiting in vain for three months for something to happen, wrote to his area office at Oxford, only to be informed that his case was "still under consideration."

Mr. A. J. T. Castle

A week or two afterwards he was sent to Southampton for an X-ray examination.

Months went by and he was then asked to go to London for yet another X-ray examination!

More months passed, and then he was required to travel to Reading for a medical examination, but, as a matter of fact, he was only asked a few questions.

A fortnight later he was again sent to Reading, and this time was medically examined.

This sort of muddling lasted about a year! Eventually, in despair, he again wrote to his area office at Oxford, only to receive the old reply that his case was "under consideration."

This was one of the worst cases of official dallying that had come before us for a long time, and we did not delay in taking the matter up with the Ministry of Pensions.

We were at first informed that "such action as is required will be taken," but we persisted in our suggestion that Mr. Castle's final award was erroneous and that his case should be opened.

We were prepared to take the matter to the House of Commons, but before such a step became necessary—in fact, six weeks after we had first approached them—the Ministry, "under special sanction," granted the man a pension at the total disablement rate of 40s. a week, together with an allowance of 10s. per week for his wife.

Shameful apathy

It is a crying shame that a year's muddling should have preceded the settlement of a case which we have proved could have been properly attended to in a few weeks.

The decision to give this war hero his just dues is a striking victory for the JOHN BULL pensions bureau.

It is also a startling condemnation of official apathy that should be killed at the root.

The Caterham Mental Hospital

MYSTERY BABY

in Poignant Asylum Drama

WHOSE IS THE GUILT?

Sir Allan Powell, C.B.E., Clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, whose attention we draw to the laxity at the hospital

WHAT could be more ghastly than that a woman inmate of an asylum should give birth to a baby without a single, solitary soul—patient or official—being aware of the fact?

That the actual, unattended confinement took place in the house of an official, and that the newly born child, wounded and dying, was found lying in the garden under the window are facts that can only inspire the universal disgust of the public.

Linked with that, we trust, there will be an exhaustive enquiry into the sordid tragedy. Someone must be fittingly punished for gross negligence of duty.

This poignant episode in the life of a poor patient occurred at the Caterham Mental Hospital, an institution controlled by the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

The woman concerned is poor Agnes Edith Edmonds. She is forty-one years of age and was admitted to the institution in 1918.

Elastic rules

For the past year or so, up till the time of the birth, she had been employed, on and off, as a domestic servant in the house of one of the principal permanent officials.

This same official also employed a mentally deficient man, who did odd jobs around the house, washed down the officer's car and made himself generally useful.

In accordance with the rules of the institution both of these privileged patients should have reported back to the institution each evening, and should have slept in their proper wards.

In the case of the man the rule was adhered to, although the actual hours at which he was in the habit of returning were, to say the least, elastic.

But for three whole months prior to her confinement, Agnes Edmonds did not sleep in her ward at all. She did not even return to the institution.

Instead, she spent the nights in a room specially set apart for her in the house of the official for whom she worked.

It was in this room, when she was alone and unattended, that the baby was born.

How came it to be that the condition of the woman was not noticed in time to ensure that she received proper medical attention?

With a doctor, nurses and other officials in the hospital it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that somewhere there has been gross negligence.

Pertinent queries

There is, for instance, a rule in the institution that patients must be weighed every month. Was this rule adhered to in the case of Agnes Edmonds?

Was she not medically examined during all those months of pregnancy?

It would seem clear, at any rate, that during the time she was spending both her nights and her days at the house of the official, she was not subjected to the usual hospital routine as ordered by the M.B.A. regulations. Why?

There is also one particular regulation which we need not mention here whereby, if it had been adhered to, this calamity would never have occurred.

Reverting, for a moment, to the mentally deficient man who was employed on odd jobs at the official's house, there seems to have been grave irregularities in the amount of freedom he was permitted.

It is a fact that, although he slept in his ward at night, he actually spent a lot of his time at a small garage in the village, assisting the proprietor.

The fact that he did this is not, in itself, of grave moment, for congenial work is a fine thing for the

(Continued at foot of next column)

mentally defective, but it serves to prove that Agnes Edmonds was not the only patient allowed unsupervised freedom.

Nor was she the first mental defective to give birth to a child at this institution.

Some three or four years ago a woman defective had a child. Though its parentage was suspected, the father was never discovered and the scandal was hushed up.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board has already, we understand, taken some disciplinary action in the case of Agnes Edmonds.

We should like to know what action, for the already over-shaken confidence of the public in these mental hospitals will not survive many more such shocks.

The remedy is simple. The rules and regulations are there. Henceforth they must be rigidly enforced.

SLUMBERING VIGILANTS

find they are being watched themselves!

DURING the last few days the JOHN BULL Investigation Department has challenged and knocked out an organisation, called the National Vigilance Society, which has been very much in the public eye of late.

The prime mover of this society is a Mr. William Sansum, whom we do not hesitate to describe as a brazen and deliberate fraud.

Boasting the objects "Liberty and Justice," the society, both orally and in print, has made wild allegations of blackmail, perjury and corruption against various authorities.

Not content with hawking crude circulars, packed with defamatory matter, at a penny each, it has even held street-corner meetings.

The enrolment fee is a shilling, and there is a membership charge of sixpence monthly, so that the society is handsomely paid for its pernicious patter.

We have previously recorded how Sansum, the secretary, once introduced a dangerous and dubious matrimonial element into the society's operations, but we have now heard of another equally questionable departure, a so-called "Legal Aid Department."

It will only be necessary for us to quote one episode in the history of this department, for our readers to realise how successful we have been in catching the society "in the act."

Sir Wyndham's aid

It happened that an unemployed reader recently called to see Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of the JOHN BULL Investigation Department.

This man complained that while in Canada with the harvesters, he had been unjustly imprisoned, and he felt he was entitled to compensation.

While asking for the General's advice, he mentioned that he had consulted Mr. Sansum, of the National Vigilance Society, who was placing a petition on his behalf before the Colonial Office.

He had paid Mr. Sansum several pounds which he could ill-afford, and had been told that this money was required for payments to the Colonial Office and stamp fees.

Now, it appeared, Mr. Sansum was asking for further money.

Sir Wyndham did not believe the explanations given by Sansum to the claimant concerning these fees, and suggested that, before parting with any further cash, the latter should get a statement from Sansum in writing.

Sansum then wrote a damning letter stating that the money *was* required for "inter-departmental expenses" and stamp fees.

Repeated denials

This was entirely untrue, for investigations on our part at the Colonial Office revealed that no fees at all were charged in such cases, and that nothing had been heard there about Sansum.

The General, in order to be scrupulously fair to Mr. Sansum, then invited him to explain his position.

Sansum, in due course, arrived—in a very surly and indignant mood. He was accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as his barrister.

Sansum violently denied the fact that, after receiving the invitation to our offices, he had called at the house of the man in the case and attempted to intimidate both him and his wife.

Mr. Basil Watson, K.C.

But, after blustering and blundering, he admitted that it was the truth.

It was another bombshell to him when he was asked to explain how he came to sign the letter asking for the further money in view of the circumstances in which he had obtained the original sums.

He denied all knowledge of it. He had not dictated it, he said.

When, however, it was pointed out to him that the only other person at his office was a girl (who would hardly sign such an important document) he stated that he had signed it one day when he was ill and when he had only asked for all pressing documents to be brought to him.

Sir Wyndham pointed out to Sansum that he had obtained money by false representations.

A smashing victory

Eventually, Sansum agreed to refund the money and to restore all documents to the man he had defrauded.

He left our offices a proved and self-confessed impostor.

Sansum, is an ex-policeman who was dismissed for misconduct. A year or two ago he was sentenced to three months' hard labour by Mr. Basil Watson, K.C., at North London Police Court for uttering statements likely to cause disaffection amongst the police.

(Continued from previous column)

Farmers Robbed of £10,000 by BIG MARKET PRODUCE FRAUD

A MOST impudent swindle has recently been perpetrated in the very heart of Covent Garden Market, London, in circumstances which warrant the immediate attention of Scotland Yard.

Small traders and struggling farmers in all parts of England, together with numerous firms in France, Holland and Belgium, have been systematically robbed by a company which has enriched itself by many thousands of pounds in less than five months.

It was in October last that the company, with the important title of the Market Produce Trading Company, Limited, established itself in well-appointed offices over Lloyds Bank in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Its leading lights were a foreigner named Monsieur Louis Mario Baroné, and two individuals named Clark and Davidson.

The Market Produce Trading Company, thus established in Covent Garden was, to all external appearances, a firm of standing and repute.

When it started operations at Bank Chambers on October 6, it had only just been registered as a limited company at Somerset House.

Its registered objects gave it wide powers and, apart from dealing in garden produce such as fruit and vegetables of all kinds, it was permitted to trade in textiles, silks, drapery and even tooth-brushes—a queer miscellany for Covent Garden!

One of the first contracts made by the Market Produce Trading Company was with a Dutch farmer named Golde.

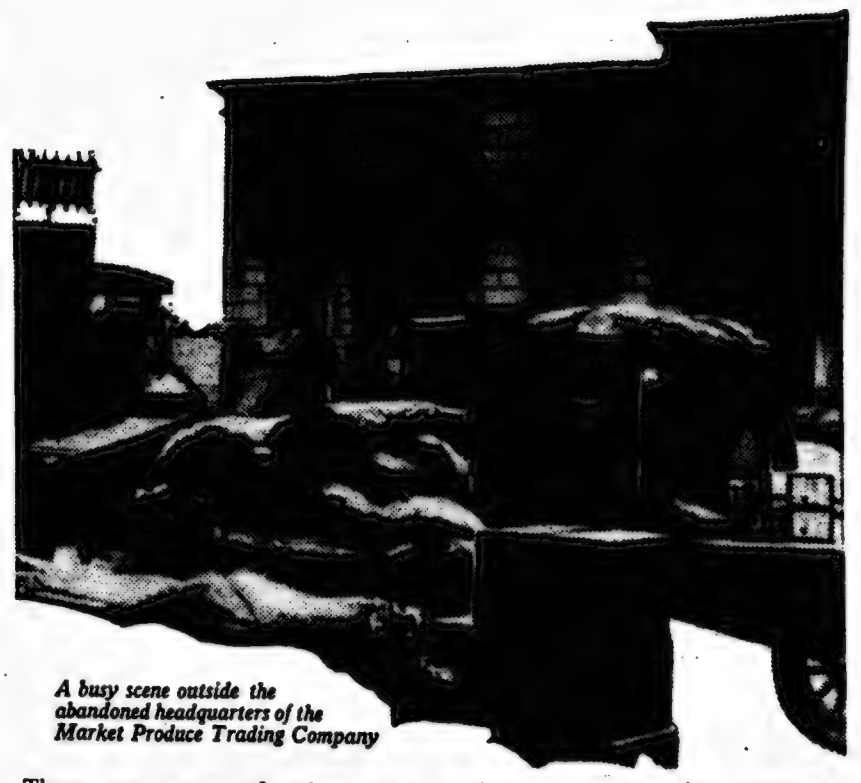
Dutch victim

Golde, who was told highly coloured stories about the ramifications of the company, and who was given orders personally by a traveller who called upon him, supplied huge consignments of mixed produce from time to time, despatching his goods through a firm of Dutch forwarding agents which have a branch in London.

When his account was in the neighbourhood of £500 he grew uneasy, particularly as orders suddenly ceased to arrive from the Market Produce Trading Company, and because all efforts to obtain replies to his letters were unavailing.

Finally he consulted a firm of London solicitors in Holborn Viaduct, who brought an action against the company for the amount involved, and experienced no difficulty in obtaining judgment in the Westminster County Court.

The Market Produce Trading Company still remained silent, and Golde is still without his money.



A busy scene outside the abandoned headquarters of the Market Produce Trading Company

There are scores of others like him, many very hard hit because they were induced to forward to the Market Produce Trading Company the complete proceeds of their season's toil.

Just before Christmas the company made a very bold bid for "business."

It sent circulars all over this country asking for turkeys and geese and, promising the best prices for speedy consignments, undertook to pay down a lump sum *on delivery* and to complete payment by January 31.

For bigger consignments, it was stated, the advance payment would not be less than £100.

Broken pledge

Turkeys and geese arrived so rapidly that the landlords of the premises occupied by the Market Produce Trading Company had to complain about the disorder in which the birds were being loaded, and unloaded, outside the entrance hall.

The pledge made when the goods were obtained has not been kept, and many enquiries are now being made at the offices by people who have been sadly let down.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that Monsieur Louis Baroné and his associates recently decided that it was a little too risky to remain at the Covent Garden headquarters and accordingly made themselves scarce.

Unpaid rent

We have discovered that, unable to get rent long overdue, the landlords at Bank Chambers have had to put the bailiffs into the offices of the Market Produce Trading Company—perhaps the worst omen of all for the company's dupes, whose total claims so far amount to something like £10,000!

Who, in view of these exclusive disclosures, will not agree that this is a case where Superintendent "Jack" Ashley, the "Big Five" chief of the area in which this amazing swindle has been perpetrated, should personally order an investigation to bring the Market Produce Trading Company to strict account

A Decorating Dodger

MR. FREDERICK THOMAS HADLEY, who boasts of an established decorating business at 40, Bence Road, Preston, Lancashire, has a disquieting habit of advertising in a grand manner that he finds it hard to substantiate.

The experience of one misguided job-seeker, as related below, should serve as adequate warning to our readers.

Attracted by one of Hadley's advertisements, he parted with £30 on the understanding that he was to be taught painting and paperhanging, and was to draw a weekly salary of £3, plus a half share in the profits.

Right from the beginning he began to experience some anxiety as to his prospects. There seemed very little work to be done.

After two months had drifted aimlessly past, he complained to Hadley, and the latter calmly suggested that he should seek employment elsewhere.

His demand for his money back met with a cold reception, so the investor insisted upon a half share in the stock-in-trade.

Then he was astounded to discover Hadley advertising for another partner, representing the business to be worth £100!

Hadley even had the audacity to suggest that he would repay the investor when the new partner came in.

And, determined to secure another victim, he advertised again, this time stating that his business was worth £1,000!

Meanwhile, we find that there is a second investor who regrets having had dealings with Hadley.

He left a permanent situation to go in the business, invested £30, and met with a fate similar to that of the former dupe.

In view of Hadley's extraordinary methods of business we have no hesitation in warning our readers to turn a deaf ear to his tempting offers.

The Poor Law Institution, Sculcoates, Hull

COCAINE IN A WORKHOUSE

Are Paupers Drug Fiends?

WHAT lies behind the amazing rumours that something like £2,000 worth of cocaine had been used in four years at the Poor Law Institution at Sculcoates, Hull?

There are even members of the Board of Guardians who cannot arrive at anything approaching the truth, while the ratepayers are being kept in complete darkness except for the declaration that the whole matter has been vastly exaggerated.

We are not prepared to let the affair end at this stage, for it must certainly have been of unusual importance inasmuch as it has engaged the attention, not only of the Guardians, but of the Home Office, the Ministry of Health and the police.

More than that, Dr. Robinson, the medical officer of the institution, has resigned from his post. His reason for so doing is the poor health from which he is suffering.

In view of the fact that his resignation coincides with the dope scandal, however, it is only fair to the doctor that the whole of the facts should immediately be made public.

We have made it our business to discover what points were raised at a secret meeting of five members of the Board called on January 12 last by the clerk, Mr. W. Barrow.

Where did it go?

One statement was to the effect that £40 worth of drugs had been used per month over a period of four years.

This amount, it was added, *was five times in excess of that used by any other hospital in the country!*

The secret meeting was also told that representatives of the Ministry of Health, who had come from London specially for the purpose, had severely questioned the medical staff of the institution and were dissatisfied with the reasons given for the colossal use of drugs.

They were not convinced that they had been used legitimately!

The clerk is reputed to have made a statement to the effect that an official of the institution had been using cocaine for the treatment of a long-standing complaint from which he suffered.

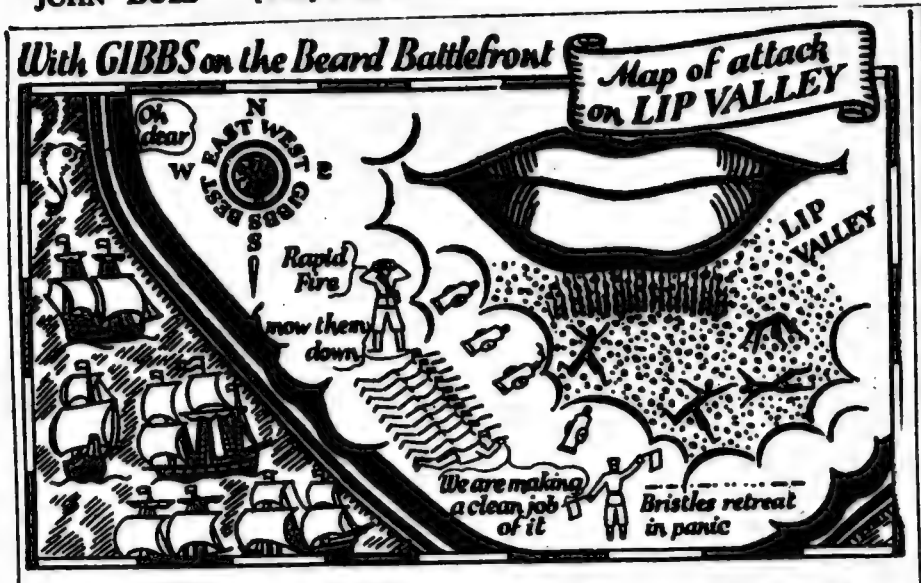
Missing register

Again, there is the suggestion that an important book relating to the drugs is missing from the institution.

If it is true that £2,000 worth of cocaine was used in four years—enough in one day to last a large hospital a year—then it is a scandal that must be thoroughly investigated at a Government enquiry.

If, on the other hand, there is no truth in the rumours, an official denial, with a full explanation, must be issued.

It is public money involved, and the public have the right to know the truth.



GIBBS SHAVING CREAM LATHER MOBILISES AT LIGHTNING SPEED

LATEST BULLETIN

LIP VALLEY, February 20th (6.45 Ack Emma)

Mobilising to 22½ times original strength in as many seconds, Gibbs Creamy Bubble Lather Corps attacked and utterly defeated fierce whisker force entrenched here. Rapidity of onslaught gave the enemy no chance. G.H.Q. interrupted second wave advance to get Battalion's Jam return for week ending 15 ult.

* * * *

Gibbs

SHAVING CREAM

The Cream of Shaves

1/- and 1/6 per Tube

BRITISH MADE

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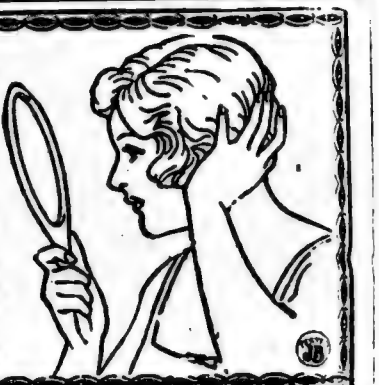

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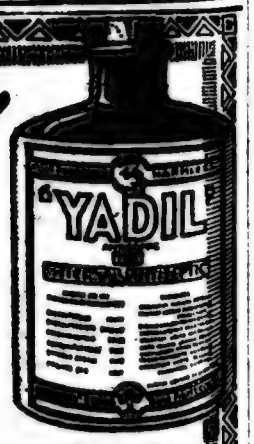

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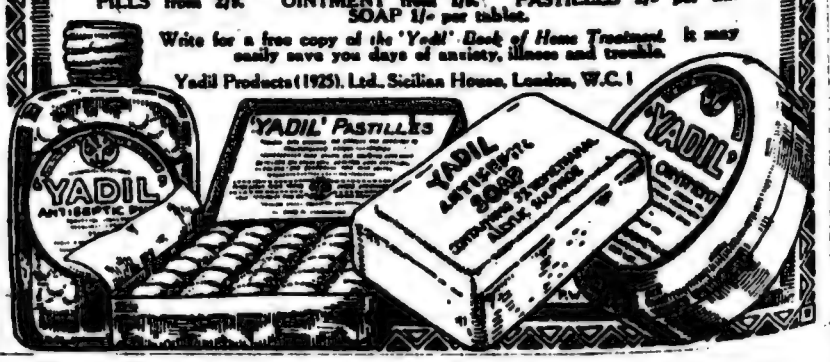

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by A. G. GARDINER

E. O. Hoppé.

Who will stoke the fires of industry to make these idle chimneys smoke again?

Cold Water for the CO-OPTIMISTS

PHARAOH'S heart seems as hard to-day as it was in the days of the ancient Israelites. And unfortunately it is not only Pharaoh's heart which is impenetrable to good feeling. Pharaoh's head seems as stupid as his heart is wooden.

Take this douche of ice-cold water which the Federation of British Industries and the Confederation of Employers' Organisations—the F.B.I. and the C.E.O.—have just thrown over the most hopeful experiment ever started to bring British industry out of the Egypt of miserable strife into the Promised Land of reasonable accommodation.

I am no thick-and-thin admirer of Lord Melchett, whom we know better as Sir Alfred Mond, but I recognise in him one of the most powerful and original minds that the world of commerce has produced.

Wrongly organised.

He sees things in the large. His vision is not hedged in by outworn creeds and obsolete methods. It ranges over the landscape of industry with free mind and understanding judgment. He is not only a man of ideas: he is a man of action.

This has been illustrated in his own vast business conceptions. It is illustrated no less in that bold enterprise he initiated to change the whole atmosphere of British industry.

What is the disease that afflicts that industry? What is it that clogs its wheels, checks its activities, puts grit into its machine?

It is the fact that British industry is organised, not for peace, but for war—and for the worst form of war, civil war.

The American lesson

Its business is to win the markets of the world, and it sets about it by organising a perpetual free fight on its own premises.

It is idle to ask who began it or which side is responsible for keeping it up. Our business is not with the past but with the future. How are we to get out of this suicidal conflict?

How are we to make British industry an effective competitor with American industry, which is bestriding the world like a Colossus, in virtue, mainly, because of its relative freedom from precisely those internal quarrels that are the plague of this country?

I do not suggest that there are not industrial wars in America. There are, and more bitter wars than here. But they are rare. They are growing rarer. The trend of American industry is everywhere towards an understanding between Capital and Labour.

Now, Lord Melchett sees that if we are to hold our own against this formidable challenge Capital and Labour must establish an *entente cordiale* in this country as they are doing in America.

In pursuit of this idea he made a bold gesture to Labour "off his own bat" with the backing of some of the more enlightened leaders of industry, but without the support of the F.B.I. or the C.E.O.

Courageous gesture

And, in the face of the fierce opposition of the extremists of Labour, who do not want peace in industry but a revolution, the Trades Union Council agreed to go into conference with him to explore the possibilities of a new and more friendly relationship in industry. That was the beginning of the Mond-Turner movement.

It was the most hopeful thing that had happened in industry in our time. It was a triumph for Lord Melchett, and a great act of courage and statesmanship on the part of the T.U.C.

The Labour leaders took their life in their hands. They laid themselves open to the malignant attacks of the Cooks and the Wheatleys, who represented them as the creatures of the capitalists, but they stuck stoutly to their guns and carried the Congress at Swansea with them.

The action was the more creditable in view of the fact that while the Parliament of Labour was engaged in the negotiations on the one side, there was no Parliament of Capital engaged on the other—only a group of individual capitalists like Lord Melchett himself.

The F.B.I. stood gloomily aloof. That was one of the grounds of attack on the T.U.C. They were accused of "selling the pass" without the official leaders of Capital even doing them the courtesy of meeting them.

But they took the risks. And, in taking them, they showed that the responsible mind of Labour was moving towards a policy of reasonable understanding with Capital.

But what has happened? The Mond-Turner Conference, after exploring the ground of common action for a year, presents an interim report, the purpose of which was to invite the F.B.I. and the C.E.O. on the part of the employer, and the T.U.C. on the part of the employed, to set up a National Industrial Council to carry on continuous discussion of industrial problems.

Lord Melchett

Ben Turner

Founders of the "peace way to prosperity" movement these two political opposites will succeed in spite of snubs and setbacks

The report also contained the views of the Conference in regard to certain root questions like victimisation, trade union recognition and rationalisation.

Lamentable tragedy

That report has now been rejected by the F.B.I. and the C.E.O. These bodies, having refused at the instigation of their Diehards, to go into the Conference as long ago as last July, now, at the instigation of the same Diehards, turn down the whole report.

It is true that they make a pious profession of their desire to promote industrial peace. It is true also that they suggest a conference between the F.B.I. and the C.E.O. and the T.U.C. to examine "matters of common interest in industry."

But they wipe out the Mond-Turner Conference as though it had never been and its proposals as if they were so much waste paper.

In a word, at a time when Labour is more reasonable than it has ever been, and when it has triumphantly sat on the heads of its Diehards, the Diehards of Capital do their best to wreck the most promising experiment that has yet been made for the regeneration of British industry.

A new era

It is a lamentable tragedy, the results of which cannot be calculated. It will send a wave of suspicion throughout Labour at the moment when it is ripe for a great policy of industrial co-operation and conciliation.

I sincerely trust that the T.U.C. will show wisdom where the F.B.I. have shown folly. I hope they will consent to meet the F.B.I. and the C.E.O. and start afresh.

If they do that the Mond-Turner Conference may yet prove to have opened a new chapter in industry. For in the end the Diehards of Capital must be slain as well as the Diehards of Labour.

Have we a

THIRD DEGREE?

by Major-General Sir Wyndham CHILDS, K.C.M.G., C.M.G., C.B.

THE Royal Commission on Police Procedure is still sitting, and the evidence which has been given before it has been followed with considerable interest by the public. Their investigations have been largely directed into whether our police use what is popularly known as the method of the "third degree."

The term "third degree" is really Americanese, and is used aptly to describe the methods that are utilised by the American police to extract an admission or confession from an accused or suspected person.

I very much fear that the stories of ill-treatment and "slugging" in America are largely founded on fact, but that is not our affair.

What we are concerned with is whether statements made by accused persons are improperly obtained by our police force.

So far as I am concerned, during the whole time I was connected with the C.I.D. I do not recollect that on one single occasion a judicial authority ever rejected a statement secured by officers of that department. I cannot say anything clearer than that.

But recollecting the circumstances which very largely gave rise to the constitution of the Royal Commission, it is not inopportune to suggest that the evidence which they have hitherto heard is that of persons whom one cannot properly term "experts."

The real expert is the old criminal who has been repeatedly convicted. He is fully conversant with his rights and the protection which the law rightly gives him.

It would be interesting to hear from him, the man whom I term the real "expert," his experiences and his views as to whether or not the police concerned have ever attempted to extort a statement from him by cajolery or by threats.

He is the only man who can tell the truth. Hasn't the Royal Commission the imagination to ask him?

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IT IS QUITE TRUE

and I state most emphatically that there are thousands of men earning less than half of what they could earn simply because they do not know where the demand exceeds the supply. Thousands of people think they are in a rut simply because they cannot see the way to progress.

This applies particularly to Clerks, Book-keepers, Engineers, Electricians, Builders, Joiners, etc. They do not realise that in these particular departments the demand for the well-trained exceeds the supply. In technical trades and in the professions employers are frequently asking us if we can put them in touch with well-trained men. Of course, we never act as an employment agency, but it shows us where the shortage is. In nearly every trade or profession there is some qualifying examination, some hall-mark of efficiency. If you have any desire to make progress, to make a success of your career, my advice is free; simply tell me your age, your employment and what you are interested in, and I will advise you free of charge. If you do not wish to take that advice, you are under no obligation whatever. We teach all the professions and trades by post in all parts of the World, and specialise in preparation for the examinations. Our fees are payable monthly. Write to me privately at this address, The Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield.

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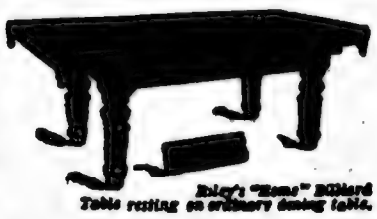

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Publishers Who Bribe Musicians

B.B.C.'s BAD MUSIC

Will they stop it now?

by

E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A 2 LO studio picture of Jack Payne's dance band—the only one actually paid by the B.B.C. He is NOT criticised here

IN common with about two million of my fellow citizens I have a wireless set.

Also in common with them I grumble at the B.B.C. and more often than not shut off my set in the middle of a performance with a profound regret that neither the artiste nor the B.B.C. is aware of the fact that another loud-speaker has gone "dead"!

One of the things I never listen to now is the dance band. I don't like to have rotten tunes "plugged" at me. I hate to hear the same tune every time I switch on. I hate it more than ever now I know why it is done.

Let me tell you very plainly what is going on. The B.B.C. does not pay the bands that broadcast dance music except Jack Payne's band. The result is that the publishers do. They bribe the bands to play their numbers—and to go on playing them.

If a publisher doesn't pay up he doesn't get his tunes played.

That is why night after night you hear the same fox-trots. That is why you switch off as I do, and so the B.B.C.

The publishers not only pay the bands who are not paid by the B.B.C. They also pay the artistes who go to the 2LO studio and who are paid by the B.B.C.

That is why so much tripe is pushed through the microphone. In lots and lots of cases it is not merit but money that ensures a song being sung or a tune being played.

Publishers to blame

Now, my quarrel is not so much with the publishers as with the B.B.C. The publishers are playing a dirty game all right, but the B.B.C knows all about it—and it is up to the B.B.C to stop it.

After all, we, the listeners, own the B.B.C. All its income comes from us. We have a right to expect the best items, not merely the items which certain publishers wish to popularise.

The B.B.C. knows all about it, because it has been told by the publishers themselves. There's a bit of irve for you!

This is how it came about. Last year even the music publishers grew alarmed at the extent to which "graft" was working havoc with the programmes. It was becoming an expensive matter. It was leading to all sorts of abuses that even they had not foreseen.

Sir J. C. W. Reith, director-general of the B.B.C.

So they decided to stop it. They signed and sealed a solemn covenant agreeing to stop it.

Unchecked graft

They went further. They appointed a "vigilance committee" to detect and report all breaches of the agreement.

They might as well have saved their energy. The bribery and the graft went on as gaily as before.

I have seen the counterfoils of cheques sent to bands. I have seen letters to bands hinting that if certain firms were boycotted official complaint would be made to the B.B.C.

I have seen and talked to publishers who have told me personal experiences of the graft.

Easy money

They have told me how a number cannot be played unless the leader of the band gets his money first: how he gets more if the chorus is sung: how he gets more if he announces that the number is being played "by request," and how some of them have even rolled up to the publishers in their motor-cars and expected the money to be brought down to them!

Nice, isn't it? Very nice indeed to find this sort of thing going on in a Government institution. For don't forget that that is what the B.B.C. is.

As I say, despite the agreement, despite the vigilance committee, the graft went gaily on. So a few weeks ago the publishers decided to end the farce.

They called another meeting. They agreed that the agreement was a farce. On the production of ample evidence that the forbidden payments had recommenced they decided to scrap the agreement altogether.

And they wrote officially to the B.B.C. and told it so.

Now the microphone is a national affair, and I should have expected the B.B.C. to take instant action with regard to such an abuse, especially when the offenders officially inform it that they propose to work the graft for all they are worth.

Did it? It did not. It maintained an aloof and dignified silence. Or an undignified silence, if you prefer it.

But it can't pretend any longer that it doesn't know what is going on under its nose. It has been told in the plainest possible manner.

I am going to tell the B.B.C. what it ought to do, because this is a matter that concerns me mightily, as it concerns everyone who pays his 10s. a year and owns a wireless set.

I am going to tell it how to secure immunity for me and my fellow-sufferers from the intolerable nuisance of hearing tripe played night after night by—not infrequently—bands that should never be allowed to insult the microphone.

Insult to listeners

I am going to tell it how to stop insulting the intelligence of millions of listeners by allowing "artistes" to broadcast who really ought to be behind a counter parcelling up groceries.

Last year the B.B.C. raked in a revenue of over three-quarters of a million pounds, and the remedy is so simple. Let it pay its broadcasting dance bands as it pays its other artistes.

Let it pay—and insist that its musical experts have a hand in choosing the programmes. There is no other way in which this "tripe-plugging" nuisance can be stopped.

Both bands and music ought to be chosen for merit alone. The reputation of the B.B.C. demands that this cancer of graft be cut from its heart, this instant.

It is not the fault of the listener; he knew nothing about it until now.

Now he does know—and if, for weeks on end he hears dance bands playing, shall we say, that "wonderful" fox-trot, "Why Are Eggs Hard-Boiled?" he will know why.

Will the B.B.C. act?

He will know that the publisher of this particular rubbish has bribed the band to play his stuff to the exclusion of somebody else's and that the B.B.C. knows all about it and declines to interfere.

And if the nuisance continues after this exposure he can draw one more inference — that the B.B.C. doesn't apparently care twopence what is broadcast so long as something is.

Meanwhile the next move is up to the B.B.C., to whom a copy of this article has been sent.

We will await its reply with interest.

The Human Machine

Rouse Yourself!

IT is surprising how few people either can or dare be themselves. "Nothing," said Emerson, "is more rare in any man than an act of his own."

And Oscar Wilde once wrote, "Most people are other people. Their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation."

It is quite true. It is pitiful and rather tragic to see how the great majority of people persist in remaining "little," refusing to possess their own souls, persisting in imitating instead of originating.

* * *

The world is so full of "little" people that even an attempt at "bigness" gets a man on. That is why we are so terribly dominated and ruled by mediocrities.

Even the mediocrities have gone a thought or two further than the majority! They have at least had the audacity to do something for themselves—even if it were only climbing on their fellows' backs.

But then their fellows must be more stupid than they, or they wouldn't let them!

To listen to opinion is good—but to be highly critical of opinion is better. To appreciate good ideas is excellent—but to originate the good ideas is best of all.

* * *

Just take yourself to some quiet spot and have a look over your mental equipment. Realise that you have a mind of your own—and resolve to use it.

The moment you cease to be a real individual you might as well be dead. You are dead, in fact, without knowing it!

CHILBLAINS

If you suffer from Chilblains you can stop that awful pain and irritation instantly if you apply a few drops of the soothing healing liquid remedy

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Send a postcard to-day for free trial bottle. D.D.D. Co., S.N.23, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

INFLUENZA

To prevent or relieve Influenza, inhale Vapo-Cresolene Vapours, which kill germs in the nose, mouth and throat. Vapo-Cresolene quickly relieves coughs and soreness and is a simple and effective method of 50 years' standing.

Vapo-Cresolene

Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 42E to

ALLEN & HANBURY'S, Ltd. Lombard St., London, E.C. 3

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAM'S PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

SNOWBOUND

"The Government has an excellent programme, but it is too slow in bringing it out."—Sunday paper.

Brazen TRUMPETS and Brass TACKS!

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been "ringing the alarm bell." He has been warning the country of all the dreadful things that will happen unless he and his companions are returned to power at the General Election.

There is a lot of sense in what he says. It is quite true that "in a very large number of constituencies Socialists would be returned by minority votes, so that there might come into power a Socialist Government which in no way represented the settled opinion of the great mass of the people of the country."

Quite true—but Mr. Churchill conveniently forgot to mention that his own Government was elected in precisely the same manner!

He omitted to remind his audience that any number of Conservative members were returned on minority votes and that far more votes were cast against his Party than were registered for it!

It is true that if the Labour Party obtained power we should "wake up to find that the control of Great Britain and the conduct of its world-wide affairs has been handed over for four or five years to the men who, two years ago, were managing the General Strike."

It is also true that we have suffered for years a Chancellor of the Exchequer who once spent millions and millions of the taxpayers' money on financing civil war in Russia, and who in his time has perpetrated almost every conceivable form of madcap political folly. Where's the difference?

HAS he been any worse a Chancellor for that? If not, what is the point of all this silly alarmist mud-slinging?

Mr. Churchill would serve his Party and his country better if he put to his audiences the real issues on which the Election should be fought instead of drawing red herrings across the trail and striving desperately to make the Election turn on personal abuse.

It is this sort of thing that makes us sick and tired of the professional politician, and so far as we can do it we shall throw our utmost influence against it.

All we want to see is a Parliament and a Government that will get things done. We don't care twopence for its colour, its Party parrot-cries or its past sins, whether of commission or omission.

If the Conservative Party can really advance any solid schemes for restoring the country to prosperity, let us hear what they are.

Let us hear what the Liberal Party proposes. Let us hear what the Labour Party proposes.

Let us hear concrete proposals and let us have a cessation of this ill-bred mud-slinging.

We have no doubt at all that we are voicing the opinion of the vast majority of the electorate when we say that if Mr. Churchill can find no better election weapon than abuse of his opponents, he will join his Party in the political wilderness at no very distant date.

Mr. Churchill may boast if he likes that he is not "alarmed and downhearted by the situation." We can assure him that the electorate is.

* * *

THE Prime Minister told a questioner in the House of Commons the other day that the problem of protecting the civilian population against gas attacks in the next war was being closely studied.

Never Again!

And all over the world chemists are studying how to make protective measures against gas useless.

Our so-called civilisation is becoming an incredible nightmare.

The only gleam of sanity is an American proposal that the United States should declare an economic boycott against any violator of the Kellogg Pact. We ought to back this proposal for all we are worth.

THERE are a whole lot of things about Signor Mussolini that we don't like, but there is one thing that we like; immensely.

Poor old Jeremiah!

We love his incurable optimism—the spirit in which he brushes all difficulties aside and gets things done.

He has just, for instance, administered a beautiful knock-out to all the doleful jeremiahs and dismal jimmies who are making Europe hideous with their caterwauling.

Herr Spengler, a German author, wrote a gloomy, sensational book, prophesying the collapse of the European races, entitled "The Decline of the West."

Mussolini wrote a preface to the Italian edition and squashed Herr Spengler flatter than a pancake.

"This book," he wrote, "must spur the Italian people on to fight even more energetically for their national existence.

"I shall bring things so far that in twenty years' time I shall force Herr Spengler to write a new book: 'The Regeneration of the West.'"

That is the sort of thing that makes a nation put out its chest and feel that, despite everything, life is still worth living.

It is of infinitely more value to national life than solemn Parliamentary discussions on whether or not a man should be able to go to a barber's shop on Sunday!

IT is the spirit that the British Cabinet would do well to imbibe, and not only the Cabinet but everyone down to the meanest citizen.

It is the spirit that once made England the most prosperous nation in the world.

Nobody but a fool denies that things are bad—but only fools persist in wailing that they must inevitably remain bad.

SECRETS of the PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD

The best-known smile in the world

IF you turn in past the sentry pacing the colonnade by St. James's Palace, and cross the antique quiet of Ambassadors Yard, you come to that portion of York House which juts out from behind St. James's Palace.

Set in the corner of the Yard is a small green-painted door, distinguished by a plain but brightly polished brass knocker.

That is the front door of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G.

Rap on the knocker and the door will be opened by one who you will at once recognise as an ex-member of that class, "the backbone of the Army"—a British N.C.O.

On the left breast of his plain brass-buttoned livery flare the coloured ribbons of 1914–18.

If you expected to see scarlet and gold and powdered hair you will be disappointed; and later, when his polite enquiry has been satisfied and you are shown into the small waiting-room of the hall, your ideas of princely magnificence will receive another blow.

Heart and mainspring

A table, a chintz-covered settee, a bookcase full of books of reference, a few brightly coloured prints on the walls, and that is all.

It is the room of a man whose home is also his office; in short, you have come to a house where work is done.

Behind the Prince's relations with the State and with the Empire, behind his entire public life, lies an intricate and highly efficient organisation of which York House is the heart and mainspring.

Here are the offices of the Prince's personal and official secretariats, clustered round the small portion of the building which constitutes his living quarters.

These last consist of a bedroom bathroom, dining-room and two sitting-rooms.

One of the latter is used as his office and most of his business is transacted there. The other is a private room in which he rests and entertains his personal friends.

They are medium-sized rooms and are furnished very simply, the only really ornate article being the huge walnut desk in the Prince's "office" sitting-room.

The Prince usually rises at seven. After a light breakfast he takes his morning exercise in the shape of a fast and furious hour's squash.

By 10 a.m., unless he has public engagements elsewhere, he is at his desk in the "office" sitting-room. Work commences on the daily correspondence, and one can be safe in saying that very few of even the larger business houses in London could exceed its daily volume for size and variety.

For instance, there will be scores of letters from overseas, containing matters of enquiry and business set on foot during his Empire tours.

A mammoth mail

There are appeals from countless organisations and individuals for aid. His postbag from this last source alone has swollen enormously during the recent black time of industrial depression.

There is, of course, a regular routine at York House for dealing with the countless appeals for patronage and aid, but a very large proportion of them are seen and decided by the Prince himself.

He has imposed so many restrictions on the secretaries' powers in dealing with such appeals, particularly in regard to service matters, that their discretionary range is practically nil.

Another large section of the mail-bag is composed of official matter concerning his public life.

Then, finally, there is correspondence on State and Governmental matters, and also his personal mail, which consists not only of letters from his friends, but letters concerning his estates of the Duchy of Cornwall and his ranch in Canada.

Work commences by roughly dividing this mass of mail into its component groups, which are then allotted to the personal or official secretariats to be dealt with.

State correspondence, personal letters and matters affecting his estates go direct to the Prince, and on these he dictates his replies and issues his instructions personally.

The affairs of his estates take up a large portion of his time, and he is personally concerned in them down to the remotest detail of the running of his farms and tin mines in Cornwall and his property in Kennington.

Every day he sets aside about two hours of his time for consideration of these matters.

He takes his responsibility as a landlord very seriously and attends to business matters with the utmost shrewdness.

Proof of the one is shown by the improvements which are continually being effected in the slum areas of his Kennington property and the general contentedness of his tenants.

In the latter connection he was able to tell the London County Council last August that he could be pardonably proud of the contribution of his Duchy estate towards solving the housing problem.

The Prince's finances

Striking evidence of his business capacity is afforded by the fact that, since he created the precedent of attending personally to estate matters, his income has increased by nearly 25 per cent.

There are many individuals in this country who could take the Prince as their exemplar of the fact that it is possible to be a good landlord and employer and yet make money.

The total revenue is about £250,000, and of this about £60,000 is paid annually into his privy purse, the rest goes in estate running costs, repairs, charities and pensions.

After the Prince's personal correspondence is out of the way, there is a morning conference with his principal attendants.

The "Chief"

First among his "indispensables" may be mentioned Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bt., K.C.V.O., the Prince's private secretary.

Sir Godfrey Thomas has held this responsible post since 1921. Suave, debonair and fashionably dressed, he looks the rising young diplomat he was intended to be, save that he abandoned an already brilliant diplomatic career to serve the Prince.

But there is no suggestion of the languid air of the young attaché about Sir Godfrey.

He is a glutton for work, but he needs his appetite for what he has to cope with.

His chief concern is the Prince's correspondence. That portion dealt with by the Prince has already been described, but apart from this a good share of the contents of those bulky mail bags descends upon Sir Godfrey.

When one remembers that there is an unalterable rule at York House that all letters are answered the same day, it is obvious that Sir Godfrey's post is no sinecure.

Of course, there are some instances where an immediate answer is not possible, as where a chain of enquiry and investigation has to be set up.

But even in those cases an acknowledgment suitable to the needs of the case has to be decided upon and sent.

Particularly in regard to appeals for patronage and aid from ex-Service men and societies is this scrupulous attention to be noted.

These matters engage the Prince's keenest concern, and by his instructions he is to have personal cognisance of all arrangements made.

A further large burden falls on Sir Godfrey in the preparation and collation of subject matter for the Prince's speeches.

This has to be gathered from a thousand and one sources, has to be accurate and up to the minute in facts and observation. Finally, it must be presented in a form which can be delivered to an audience to whom the speech is possibly covering points of their daily life.

The Prince may one day have to speak to South African farmers on some question involving purely local conditions.

On another day he must address leaders of some particular industry on matters which have been their most intimate concern.

All this entails a vast amount of research and skilled and tactful application.

The first draft of the speech is made out by Sir Godfrey and submitted to the Prince with other necessary matters at the morning conference. The Prince then works on it, sometimes with Sir Godfrey, sometimes alone, changing here, adding there, and generally revising it to the form in which he feels he can best deliver it.

After the Prince has finished editing the speech, it goes back to Sir Godfrey to be put into its final form.

We are referring here, of course, chiefly to Official and State speeches and their like.

The invisible man

Many of the scores of speeches which Sir Godfrey prepares in the course of a year are in the form of outline notes, merely giving facts in an ordered way, leaving it to the Prince to fill in and, in its delivery, to make those happy interpolations for which he is so justly famous.

But the amount of work put in by the private secretary is nearly always the same.

By the very nature of his task Sir Godfrey can be very little in the public eye.

Scenes at York House

York House . . . "Where work is done"

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey . . . "is the Man with the Watch"

Above—Brigadier - General Trotter is . . . "the Prince's Familiar Spirit. . . . His solicitude for the Prince is touching"

Sir Godfrey Thomas . . . "is a glutton for work"

His work lies almost entirely behind the scenes, but if, as Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage," the lofty role of our Prince would be a harder part to play but for the consummate tact and knowledge and the quiet endless toil of Sir Godfrey Thomas.

The next of the Prince's "indispensables" at the morning conference is Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, his comptroller and treasurer.

There is little of the bluff sea dog about Sir Lionel. There is little that fits in with the legend except the naval capacity for silence.

He has the typical keen, clean-shaven face of the naval officer, but his slightly greying hair, his keen eyes, his close-shut lips, and his incisiveness of manner and expression, are suggestive of the traditional Harley Street surgeon.

Admiral Halsey is an organising genius. He it is who arranges and plans the Prince's tours, the functions and ceremonies he attends.

Since princes, like other mortals, are the slaves of time, he is the Man with the Watch.

All the immensity of detail in connection with the Prince's tours, the transport, the time-tables, the ceremonial in all its endless complication, which in the result seems so effortless and easy, is the care of this taciturn Admiral.

The smoothness of its working betrays no hint of the labour and forethought that have gone before.

Then there are the Prince's engagements at home, where he is to go and when and how, to-morrow and next day, and for months ahead.

All day long Admiral Halsey works in his office at York House, a long, light room, fringed with map racks and files and shelves of works of reference, yet seeming bare and having about it, somehow, the air of a battle-control room on a warship.

The admirable Admiral

On Admiral Halsey rests, too, the final responsibility for the safety of the Prince's person on his tours and travels at home and abroad.

Sir Lionel's further duties consist in running the Prince's household.

All domestic affairs come within his province, and he budgets for expenditure and makes all disbursements from the Prince's private purse.

He is the ultimate authority in whom rests the charge of the Prince's entire public life.

The undying regard for our Prince, securely grounded in the hearts of the people of the Empire, is the happiest testimony to the manner in which he carries out his lofty and onerous task.

The third of the Prince's chief attendants is Brigadier-General Trotter, his groom-in-waiting.

He is what may be termed the Prince's familiar spirit. He is his constant companion on all his journeyings and his intimate friend in private life.

The close affection which exists between these two, the middle-aged soldier and the young Prince, is very deep and sincere, and is obvious to all who have beheld them together.

In appearance General Trotter does not at first sight seem the typical Guardsman in spite of his years of service in that distinguished Brigade.

Though he carries his sturdy figure with all the traditional erectness and swing, his face and head bear the impress of the thinker more than the soldier.

The old guard

Above the short-clipped moustache, the eyes are keen but deep-set. His face is thin and bronzed and bears about it the stamp of an acute directive intelligence.

His manner is courteous but direct and without ambiguity of any kind.

He is the shield between the Prince and the too burdensome contact of the world, and he combines somehow in one person the qualities of the diplomat and the soldier without too much of either.

His solicitude for the Prince is touching. Watch the pair of them engulfed in a cheering throng of delighted men and women, jostling and pushing to get near the Prince.

General Trotter's single arm is doing the work of six; preventing the Prince from being slapped on the back with an excess of hearty loyalty, seizing out-stretched hands and shaking them, firmly repelling the mass of humanity which threatens, literally, to overwhelm his master in its embrace.

General Trotter's day commences with the first appearance of the Prince and ends only when his master retires.

When he is not out with the Prince on one of his numerous engagements he is engaged in his office at York House arranging and settling those details of the Prince's appointments which are his care.

His Press bureau

There is also a continual stream of visitors to be seen, some with enquiries to be answered and sent away, others—such as distinguished foreign visitors having audience—to be received and entertained before being ushered into the Prince's presence.

His duty is to keep the world's Press supplied with authentic information about the Prince, to receive Press visitors and answer the incessant stream of enquiry which descends daily on York House, the home of the most-talked-of young man on earth.

His patience and courtesy are bywords in the world of journalism.

In spite of the harassing and exacting duties of his daily task he is far more accessible than the underlings of many commercial nobodies. The young reporter sent by his editor to verify a rumour which has reached the paper arrives in some trepidation, perhaps conscious of the apparent absurdity of the rumour and the futility of his errand.

He is received by General Trotter with the same smiling kindness and given the truth in the same even tones, though he may be the twentieth reporter that morning with the same rumour to be confirmed or corrected.

Thus, these three, the Prince's "indispensables," are grouped around the huge table in the Prince's "office" for the morning conference; each with his quota of work to be got through.

Perhaps that day there may be a full programme—an official luncheon and afterwards a fifty-mile drive to a new public works. Then back to town again for a formal visit to some institution.

Sacrificed careers

In that case the speeches are run over again with Sir Godfrey, the programme is discussed with Admiral Halsey, and General Trotter is there to take note of all and to assist the Prince that day in carrying out the bewildering detail of his task.

There they are, all three, bound by the same mutual ties of love and loyalty engendered by fellowship with their Royal Master in the endless toil which is his and the penalty of his lofty destiny.

His motto, "I serve," might be equally blazoned on their escutcheons. Each of them has relinquished some ambition to serve the Prince.

Sir Godfrey Thomas had in 1914, at the age of twenty-five, risen to the post of Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, a rare achievement at that age.

He could have counted a distinguished Ambassadorship as the least of his ultimate desires.

General Trotter could have counted on a long and honourable retirement to which his service and wounds should have entitled him.

Linked destinies

Admiral Halsey was Lord Jellicoe's Captain of the Fleet on board the *Iron Duke* at the Battle of Jutland, and was Third Sea Lord before the war finished.

He might well have become First Sea Lord had he stayed in the Service.

Their destinies now are bound with the Prince's, and it is safe to say that in their mutual affection and regard they are content.

Their lives and energies are stretched between him and the burden of the privileges of his rank, which sometimes may not seem too great to be borne.

5 for 10D

Smoking, one of life's keenest pleasures, deserves most careful judgment.

Manikins bring me more pleasure and satisfaction than any other smoke. Try a packet and compare their aroma and fragrant sweetness with *your* usual smokes—Their mild, nutty fragrance not only soothes, but *satisfies.*

MANIKIN
CIGARS
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5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Real Life Stories—

by Famous Authors

Sacked!

by C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE

(Illustrated by Sindal)

This is a True Story—Stranger than Fiction!

DO you know Bougie on the North African coast? If you do, you won't want me to describe it to you further. If you don't I can tell you briefly that it is built to look a bit like a Roman amphitheatre, has a decent harbour, and an extraordinarily powerful smell.

My own idea of Bougie is that the inhabitants breed ferrets wholesale for export—and don't export them. Phew!

J. K. clapped his hands, and a sweaty, black man . . . . brought us some of the filthiest eucalyptus liqueur I ever tasted

My own business out there was something to do with phosphates, and does not matter here. The trifle that brought me a gain in contact with J. K. Booking—Jean Pelleterie he called himself in Bougie—was a key that had decided to break itself in the lock of my kit-bag.

I'M not saying the snuff-and-butter coloured Kabyles and nearly French citizens I had to do with in the back country were dishonest; they were extremely good chaps, many of them; but to travel with an unlocked kit-bag which, besides containing papers that I valued, was also stored with half a dozen cakes of English soap, was simply asking for it.

I'm not mean. I don't mind having my soap pinched in ordinary circumstances here at home by people who would obviously be the better for a wash. But at Bougie the local *savon*—something or other, smelt of the universal ferret, and I really had to have something a bit less savoury or throw up my job.

So, as I say, I went to the town's equivalent of a locksmith (who also shod mules) and told him my trouble.

He stared at me, turned his back till I could only see the underside of his long brown spade-shaped beard, and gabbled off something in Algerian-Kabyle-French which was beyond my decoding.

Then he scratched the end of his nose, upwards, with his little finger-nail.

I began to forget locks and all their works, and so to speak, to sit up and take notice. I mentioned rather quietly that I was condemned, and the little finger again did brisk business.

"I suppose," said I in English, "it would be too much to ask you to unhook that beard and let me have a look at what's underneath?"

"It's a hell of a beard, isn't it?" said the locksmith. "But it's the Frenchiest thing that ever happened. Come inside and have one."

He took me through rather a warren of passages and cubicles smelling of the universal ferret that led off the far side of the workshop, and finally out into a little open courtyard walled in with loud-coloured Portuguese tiles.

There were two orange trees in green tubs, a fountain that lacked horse-power, and two basket chairs in the paulo-post-future stage of decay. The temperature inside these gaudy walls was that of a blast furnace.

J. K. clapped his hands, and a sweaty, black man that he told me was a genuine eunuch brought us some of the filthiest eucalyptus liqueur I ever tasted.

"Not bad quarters after all I've gone through, are they?" said J. K. Booking—or Jean Pelleterie, whichever you care to call him. "I invented that tipple myself, and am thinking of floating a *société anonyme* to manufacture it in bulk. Have some in this claret glass, and then you can swing it round and get the aroma."

"Changing the conversation slightly," said I, "we were all very pleased at the way you dodged the police that time two years ago. If ever a man deserved killing, Anthony was the one."

"The police were pretty crude. Two of them actually had their large hands on me. Of course I was daubed red from head to foot—bleeding like a stuck pig he was, just the sort of bounderish thing you could expect Anthony to put up—and although it was a fair enough scrap on my part, they'd have hanged me for the fellow's murder if I'd stayed to face the music. So I biffed the bobbies, and ran."

"EVERYONE wondered how you got out. The police bragged of the way they watched the ports."

"Oh that was quite simple. I found Nils Wilson or some such bird drinking whisky in a South Shields pub, and gave him more, and put him to bed in a coal yard when he was good and full.

"I'm not fond of trimming coal on a Scandinavian tramp, but that was Nils' pick of the profession's and as I went in over the gangway as Nils, I had to put up with it as far as Reval.

"There I tore myself away, and got here to Bougie via Pernau and Montevideo. I did think of pushing on to the West South American coast."

"'Under no condition is extradition allowed from Callao,'" I quoted.

"Precisely. But I'd inspected that

(Continued on page 24)

HERE IS THE MOST WONDERFUL PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE EVER INVENTED!

Be the first to own a "Guiniphone."

The demand for this machine at 21s. is so colossal that the only way you can be sure of securing one of the first delivery is to put your name NOW on the first delivery list. If you post the coupon below within an hour of reading this advertisement you will ensure early delivery of a "Guiniphone."

The "Guiniphone" plays two sides of a record with one winding. The motor (a beautifully made piece of mechanism) can be removed in a moment for oiling or cleaning. The case which encloses the "Guiniphone" complete, a big loud-speaker and space for 6 records, is made of strong pressed steel, handsomely finished in facsimile leather in a wide range of colours, and measures only 10½ inches square by 3 inches deep. The machine and records complete in case weigh only 8 lbs.

This wonderful new invention gives full volume reproduction with astonishing purity of tone. Once you hear the "Guiniphone" you'll fall in love with it.

PUT YOUR NAME ON THE ORDER LIST NOW!

BUT WHY ONLY A GUINEA?

Because a super-mass-production plant has been laid down to produce MILLIONS OF THE GUINEA GRAMOPHONE for the DEMAND ALREADY CREATED. This is the boldest step in the history of the gramophone world. It remains for YOU to be one of the first to benefit. If you fill in the coupon and post it NOW you automatically become one of the very first owners in the country of the most amazing gramophone of the century. Your friends will want one too. There is no reason why you should not book up two or three more on the same form. You only take delivery and pay AFTER you have examined the "Guiniphone" and heard its wonderful performance in your own dealer's shop.

SEND NO MONEY.—Just Post the Coupon.

17.

To Messrs. THE GUINEA PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD.,
16, St. Helens Place, London, E.C.3.

Dear Sirs,—I should like to be one of the first to possess a "Guiniphone."

Please send..... "Guiniphone(s)" to

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If the "Guiniphone" is all you claim and I like it I will take delivery and pay my dealer for same. If not, then I am under NO obligation to take delivery or to pay for it.

My Name .....

Address .....

GUINIPHONE

TRADE MARK.

TO THE TRADE. The "Guiniphone" is going to be the biggest selling Gramophone in the world. Those enterprising wholesalers and retailers who get in first will build up a very large and additional circle of satisfied clients. It will prove a profitable step to write to-day for full details of trade terms to:—

THE GUINEA PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD.
16, ST. HELEN'S PLACE, LONDON, E.C.3.

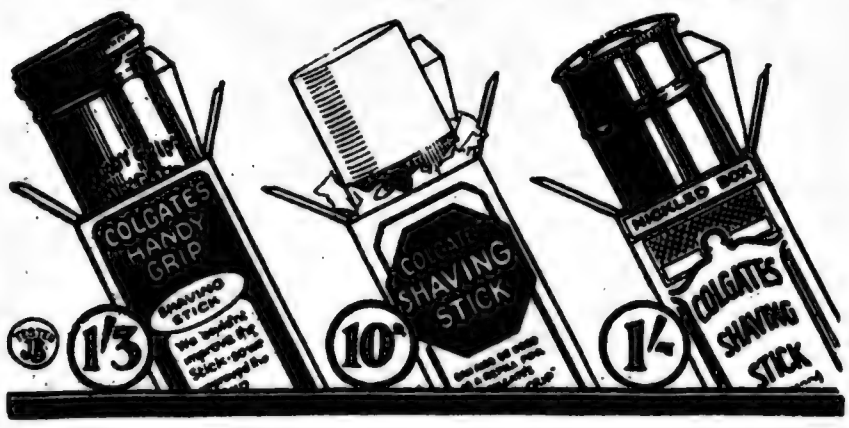
A smooth chin gladdens the heart

There's nothing like a smooth, close-shaved chin to give a man confidence. Pride in one's appearance comes with a Colgate shave, for Colgate's small-bubble lather gets to the base of the beard—right down to the roots—where it soaks and softens. So the hairs come off quickly and easily, and the razor just glides along, leaving you smooth and comfortable.

200 cool shaves, 200 smooth chins and confident days for 10d.

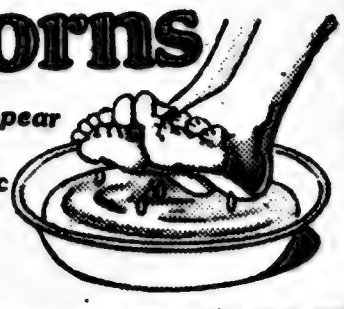
COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

HANDY-GRIP *Shaving Stick* | COLGATE'S *Shaving Stick and refill* | SHAVING STICK *in Handsome Nickel Box*



After Three Radox Footbaths

Corns



disappear like magic

If you suffer from long-standing corns, read this wonderful record of swift removal by Radox. For 6 years this lady had endured bad corns. Other "remedies" failed to move them. Then she put her feet into Radox footbaths and, to use her own words, "they disappeared like magic"! Here is her letter.

"For about six years I had corns and hard skin on the soles of my feet, and 12 months ago I started to use Radox Bath Salts, and all the corns seemed to disappear like magic. I have tried other methods of getting rid of them, but the corns always returned, but I have had no trouble since using Radox—I only used it about three times, and never get tired and aching feet now like I used to do before using Radox. I am a ward worker in hospital, and am on my feet all day long except for meal times."

Mrs. R. E., London.

17th January, 1929.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's. Price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

RHEUMATISM

The agony was unbearable

"For years (since immediately after the war) I suffered with rheumatism and lumbago. The agony at times was unbearable, and I had to use a stick to get about. Being unable to stand without support, as an outdoor worker, my living was taken from me. I went to several doctors and to two London hospitals, but they could do me no good. One day my wife advised me to try Kruschen Salts. I tried one of your small bottles and there was some improvement. After the third bottle I was able to start work again, and kept up the daily dose until three months ago, when I let it lapse, but hurriedly had to restart it, for without it I started to get my pains back. I have learnt my lesson now, and would not be without Kruschen in the house again."—*T. LUXFORD, 17th Jan.*, 1929.

Stop your rheumatism now! Start on Kruschen to-morrow. It will dissolve away those needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all the trouble. It will also flush these dissolved crystals clean out of your system. Then, if you keep up "the little daily dose," uric acid will never form again, because Kruschen will assist Nature to rid the system every day of all undigested food—the source of uric acid and other body poisons which undermine the health.

1a teaspoon in tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

popular resort before, and sooner than go again as a resident, I was prepared to take chances and hang decently if needful. Besides, whoever would spot me behind this ridiculous beard?

"So I blew into Bougie and set up a forge. Forty people I've known have walked into the shop and stared me over, and not one of them dropped on to me. How, by the way, did you manage it? I may as well know."

I TOLD him, and he grinned rather wryly.

"I know I do it, and can't break the habit. I believe amputating that infernal little finger would be the only cure.

"Have another dose of that liqueur? Besides being tickling to the palate we're going to run it as a febrifuge. It keeps off malaria, you know, and those sort of things. Also, if taken before meals, acts as an appetiser. We've got reams of advertising lines. Better put in for some shares in the company when it comes out."

I preferred J. K. as a locksmith to a liqueur merchant, but did not want to hurt his feelings by saying so. Besides he seemed behind-hand with the news, and I was wondering how to break things to him without stirring up mud.

However, after poisoning the ferrety air by pouring out more eucalyptus, he gave me a lead: "How's old Tin-tacks getting on?" he asked.

Here I was on ticklish ground at once. "Oh," I said, as casually as I could manage, "she's worrying through somehow. Always seems to hold putrid bad hands at bridge."

"H'M," said J. K. Booking, "that's rum. 'Unlucky at cards,' you know. Well, I did my bit for the old girl, and can't undo it, or add to it, and don't want to. How did she take my—er—good work?"

"Like a philosopher, or we'll say an oyster. Heard everything that was doing, but said mighty little. Tin-tacks has had a good spell of training in keeping her mouth shut, poor dear."

"C'rect. Damn Anthony! I wish he'd crop up again so that I could kill him a second time."

I just had to come out with it then: "You didn't kill him the first try, you know, J. K."

"But—good Lord, man, after the little trifles I saw in the war, don't you think I know a dead man when I put my hands on one?"

"You misfired efficiently over Anthony. You knocked him out all right, and he bled like a pig, and made a very grim 'stiff'—the beast would be theatrical, of course, even if he were genuinely ready for a coffin.

"But if you'd stayed at home and faced the music the worst you'd have got would have been forty bob and costs for common assault, and if the beaks had been sportsmen they would have put it down as an ordinary scrap and let you off with the usual pi-jaw.

"BY the way, for his Christian-like resignation and forgiveness of you, my lad, Anthony's been made Canon and Rural Dean. At least, no one can think of any other reason why even Bish should promote him to those high offices."

"And Tin-tacks stays with him?"

"She does. Out of doors, and at meetings and places where they're seen, he's the most courteous and attentive husband that ever happened."

"Oh, he has manners—Eton and the House for polish, and of course he comes from good people to start with. Yes, Anthony's got manners, damn him, when he's play-acting before the gallery. But in a previous incarnation I'm perfectly certain he was one of the most talented torturers the Spanish Inquisitors had got on their pay sheet.

"Inside his own house, when the place is tiled, for cold-drawn calculating cruelty, I tell you the swine can't be beaten. Not that he hits her, or anything like that. I believe old Tin-tacks would like it better if he did. But he talks to her, and at her practically all the time he's not sitting down at his desk writing sermons for the uplift of the sinful.

"Sacked!"—Continued from page 22

"Devilish good preacher he is, too. The chap's clever enough.

"But one day he tumbled to the fact that Tin-tacks, poor dear, still liked me better than she liked him, and he sat thoughtfully down and put in all his spare time making life a refrigerated hell for her. Clever bloke, too, as I say. He was wonderfully successful at his job."

"Poor old Tin-tacks," said I.

"Yes, and you other fellows were a damn lot of help, too. It was beastly form, of course, butting in, but who else looked like bearing a hand? And now you tell me I had all my fun for nothing. Lordy, lordy! And once dispatches called me 'an efficient officer!' Have some more of my patent rat-poison?"

"I'm going slow on liqueurs for the present. My vet. says there's too much sugar in them for my what-you-may-call-'ems. Look here, J. K., how would you like to close down this shop for, say a month, and come out and do a job of work on the phosphate plant I'm interested in?

"You could take off the eunuch's shoes and put him out to grass, and I'm sure he and the rest of the outfit would be all the better for the rest."

"It's that steam digger you'll want me to erect, I suppose?"

"Ye—es," said I.

J. K. Booking chuckled. "Liar!" said he. "The machine isn't due for delivery at Bougie for another three months, and if you get it on the job at eight you'll be doing well. Do you laugh at my beard, O unbeliever? In other words, my lad, what the hell are you up to?"

"If you won't be headed off, O whiskered fool, prepare to take Tin-tacks' gruel. Tin-tacks came across from Marseilles in the same transatlantique boat as I did. She and Anthony are at the d'Orient. Now then, d'ye think old Tin-tacks couldn't see through that rotten beard whether you scratched your nose with your little finger-nail just in the old style, or whether you kept your hand in your breeches pocket?"

"Phew!" said J. K. Booking. "And the Reverend the Rural Dean and Canon? Has he simmered down any?"

"Can a pock-marked change his spots? Look at poor Tin-tacks' haggard face. There's a tragic-eyed woman for you, if ever there was one."

"I see," said J. K. Booking very quietly. "Domestic torture salon still in the briskest working order. Well, Bougie isn't the English Midlands, though its sea-fishing is excellent.

"If you won't have another lot of my particular tipple, I think I'll say good-bye for the present and get back to the shop. We mechanics in the French Colonies can't afford to slack round too long over the lunch hour."

* * *

THE boating accident was thought by the local authorities to be very convincing.

The English padre had intended to go a-fishing. Monsieur Pelloterie, the well-known locksmith and farrier, had taken him out in a motor-boat.

They omitted to add that Monsieur Pelleterie had also taken along a large and efficient jute sack. But I had seen that with my glass from the slopes of the Gonrayon mountain, where I had gone to get away from the ferret stink of Bougie, and the sour odour of its genuine Roman drains.

The boat had rounded the red rocks of Cape Carbon to the Eastward, and it was presumed that it had then been overturned.

And that was quite true also, but not before Canon Anthony had been stuffed head first into the sack, and the slack made fast round his ankles, very much as some of his inquisitorial forebears probably did with their lady patients.

And my last sight of Colonel J. K. Booking was as he clambered ashore through a gentle surf which frilled the edge of a blue Mediterranean, and sat back on the red rocks to regain his breath, and scratched his nose with the back of his little finger-nail.

* * *

OF course, as an officer of Royal Engineers, though possibly a little mad, he is a very handy man, and is certain to make a decent living wherever it is he next settles down.

Frankly, I don't know where he moved on to, and don't propose to ask. Anyway, he is out of the assorted ferret and Roman drain stinks of Bougie.

I am glad he made an efficient job of that loathly beast Anthony at his second shot.

Poor tragic-eyed Tin-tacks! It is not every woman who married an evil husband who has as her twin a quixotic ass like Lt.-Col. J. K. Booking, R.E.

* * *

The Queen who became a King! See "The People" next Sunday.

Estelle

A character in

"THE STORY OF A MAN"

—Next Week's REAL LIFE STORY

by H. de Vere STACPOOLE

Fighting the Epidemic

A Great Human Battle

against sickness and disease is being waged by JOHN BULL, and this week we have paid fifty more five-guinea cheques to registered readers on account of sickness.

The extreme cold of winter brings illness in its train.

Disease always strikes heaviest where it is least expected. It is a dreaded evil in the mind of many, because it often means a big doctor's bill will have to be faced at an inopportune moment.

Whether it be measles, smallpox or diphtheria or any other of the illnesses specified, a registered reader of JOHN BULL has no need to worry, because he is fully covered in such an event by the Great Family Free Insurance Scheme.

Money is the best weapon to fight disease. Turn to page 2 and become a registered reader now, and be assured that you will be able to beat disease if it comes your way.

When your Nerves are all on edge

THE busy mother only too frequently suffers from worn and ragged nerves. There is so much to do—with so many interruptions. The children, if they are healthy, are so full of energy and make such a deal of noise.

Your nerves become strained under the pressure of household duties because the wastage of the nerve cells is not made good by sufficient restorative nourishment.

"Ovaltine" supplies that restorative material in a concentrated and easily digested form. This delicious beverage is prepared from malt, milk and eggs—Nature's foods which are richest in nourishment. Eggs are rich in organic phosphorus compounds upon which the brain and nerves specially rely for nourishment.

Instead of tea, coffee, etc., drink "Ovaltine" at breakfast, in the middle of the morning, and again before retiring. Your nerves will be soothed and restored, and a rich reserve of vitality and energy will be created.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.324

fill in this last line

After dining, Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad

£200 IN PRIZES

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS of 'CORONET' Milk

Competition: (Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.
Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, March 1, 1929.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor

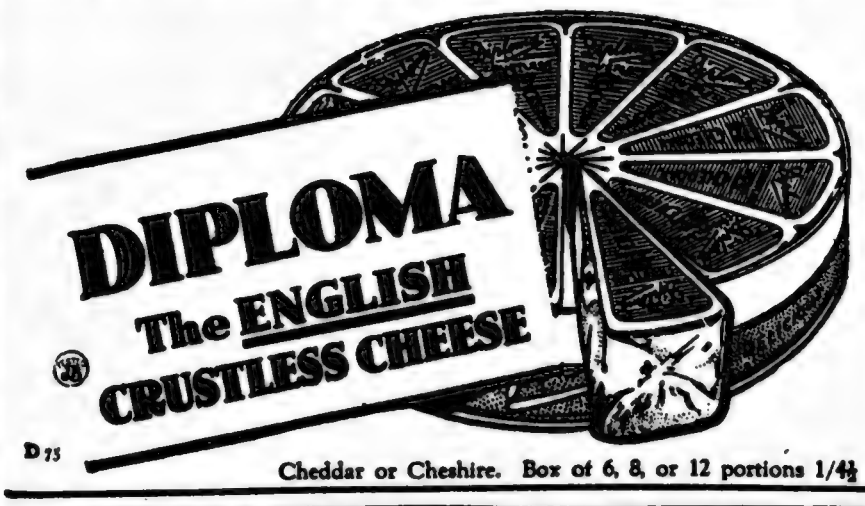
Recent Winners

£50 WINNER

A cheese-loving curate named Grime
Was tempted by Crustless to crime;
His landlady's larder
He robbed in his ardour,
'Good in parts' was the 'curate' this time.

£50 WINNER

When the turkey and pudding's gone west,
There's a tit-bit to follow—the best:
Some really good cheese,
But 'Diploma' brand, please!
'That's the *plum!*' the poor pudding confessed



DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D 75

Cheddar or Cheshire. Box of 6, 8, or 12 portions 1/4½

The Famous **Hercules** *Cycles on the EASIEST of EASY TERMS* combined with **Reduced Prices**

Owing to the enormous output the price of HERCULES CYCLES has been still further reduced for 1929 and we are supplying these machines to our Customers either for Cash or on Easy Terms, as follows:—

POPULAR MODEL with Dunlop Kempshall Tyres .. .. for **£3.19.9** (3-Speed Gear 19/- extra.) (or 7/6 monthly)

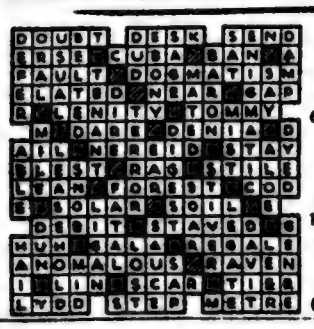
ALL-WEATHER MODELS fitted Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed Gear, Oil Bath Gear Case & Dunlop Tyres. **£6.7.6** (or 11/6 monthly)

Numerous other Models to choose from.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Don't buy any Cycle until you have seen the Hercules Catalogue. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. H 4)
11, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.



Solution to the Crossword Puzzle in our last issue.

This week turn to page 4 and win £500 in our Square and Fair Crossword Competition.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small bi[illegible] class, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no t[illegible] Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 s[illegible] yds. at 6/6. Heavy grade 8/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under Royal warrants. Of Ironmongers everywhere.

LASTS LONGEST!

Jove! it does make you feel all aglow

What is it they say in the advertisements? "Sip it, Drink it, Drain it and feel all aglow." They're right too. Feel it tingle on the tongue, feel its comforting warmth. Come on everybody—one . . . two . . . three . . . and fill up again!

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Famous since 1740

From all Wine Merchants and Grocers

MARVELLOUS OFFER OF MEN'S OUTFITS

20 *Articles in Suitcase delivered FREE for*

2/- DOWN

PRICE COMPLETE 55/-

Men's Fine Outfit, in strong, serviceable Suitcase, metal lock and fittings, consisting of:—
2 All Wool Vests.
2 All Wool Pants.
2 1st Quality Oxford Shirts, fast colours, or
2 Silkateen Tunic Shirts, with collars to match.
2 Pairs of Cashmere Socks.
1 Pair of Elastic Braces.
2 Silk Ties.
6 Handkerchiefs.
2 Bristle Hair-Brushes—all guaranteed.

Send size of collar, neckband, and full postal address, together with 2/-, and agree to pay 5/- per month.

John Blanford LTD

Dept. J.B.A., 119 and 120, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

ONCE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER

Phials of POISON-GAS *on sale "over the counter"*

A chemist at work in a death laboratory, enveloped in a mask that tells its own story

IN May last year, in the City of Hamburg, in Germany, a section of a poison-gas factory blew up, liberating clouds of phosgine-gas, which blotted out an entire suburb, killing eleven people and seriously injuring two hundred others.

The factory was owned and directed by a certain Dr. Hugo Stolzenburg. Eight months after this dreadful disaster, which blew him temporarily out of business, we find the learned doctor advertising in a technical journal of world circulation.

He now offers "to build, equip and manage, in any country, factories for the manufacture of poison-gas of every description, including chlorine, phosgine, and arsenious gases the Yellow and Blue Cross groups, tear gases and corrosive gases, etc."

Sinister samples

Also he offers for public sale "*for instructional purposes*, small boxes containing samples of the deadliest gases employed in chemical warfare."

This man constitutes an international menace. At a time when Europe is like a tinder-box with five dictators ruling over scores of dissatisfied and plotting minorities, he preaches a gospel of chemical warfare everywhere, offering to prepare and sell for money the most ghastly means yet devised for destroying mankind.

Why does the German Government permit this flagrant violation of the Versailles Treaty?

What are the British Government and the League of Nations doing to allow her to tolerate his activities?

Forbidden horror

On January, 31, 1927, the Inter-Allied Military control over Germany's armament and chemical factories came to an end. A condition was that Germany submitted to various obligations under the War Material Laws, which came into force on August 6, 1927.

The relevant clauses stipulated that "the manufacture, storage, sale, import, or export of phosgine is forbidden."

An exception was made that a strictly rationed quantity could be made for *industrial* purposes in three factories only throughout the whole of Germany.

These three factories were to be licensed and under the supervision of the League of Nations, the German Government to be responsible and to render weekly returns of output.

Nine months after this Treaty was entered into, the Hamburg explosion took place, and the Stolzenburg factory was not one of the three factories allowed!

Astonishing details have reached us as to the history of Stolzenburg, the poison peddler.

Having found poison gas a highly profitable business during the war, he turned his attention after the Armistice to discovering new markets for his wares in the sun-settled state of Europe. His own country did not escape his attention.

Stolzenburg is an extreme Nationalist, a friend of Hitler the firebrand, who nearly plunged Germany into civil war. He is also a staunch member of the Kaiser party.

Russian factory

In the first half of 1926 he went to Russia and at a place called Trozk, above the town of Samara, on the Volga, he erected a large poison-gas factory.

He had the full consent of the Soviet Government and could go in and out of Russia as he pleased. The title of this factory was "The Russo-German Borsol Factory." Borsol is an explosive salt.

He imported German workmen who were kept as "prisoners," their letters being censored.

According to sworn affidavits, which some of these men have made, they turned out in the space of several months upwards of 2,000,000 poison-gas bombs, every one of which was exported into Germany, for the use of the Reichswehr party!

They were consigned to "Gefu," the name of a supply company formed by the Reichswehr.

In the event of civil war breaking out, these were to be used by the National party.

But the cynical effrontery of this "frightfulness" merchant knows no bounds. His activities in connection with the Russian factory having been terminated by exposure in the Reichstag, he took over the Hamburg factory and commenced anew his world-publicity campaigns.

* * *

Though he is a skilful chemist, he asks always for orders for poison-gas for warfare. He stresses always this side of his science. He never applies his technical knowledge to the arts of peace. He has an obsession of evil.

His impudence is colossal. After the Hamburg tragedy he announced that his savings and resources had vanished in the explosion, and the relatives of the killed and injured sued the City of Hamburg for damages, claiming that the municipality was responsible as it should have exercised a closer supervision on his activities.

Over three hundred cases are still being argued before the Courts.

Now comes the amazing sequel. Not content with having escaped the consequences of his dastardly trade, Stolzenburg is bringing an action against the Hamburg municipality for damages for the destruction of 3,000 gas cylinders, fully charged, which the authorities discovered after the explosion.

Poisoned sharks

These were placed on board lighters under strong escort, and sunk in 2,000 fathoms a few hundred miles west of the British Isles.

As illustrating the deadly nature of the cylinders, passengers on a liner passing over the spot some hours after they were sunk saw the corpses of hundreds of sharks floating belly-upward on the water. Obviously they were killed when this foul consignment was dumped into the water.

Could impudence go further? After gassing 211 people Stolzenburg wants compensation for the preventive measures taken to restrain him from killing more.

The ending of his activities should no longer be left to the tender hands of the German Government. Our Foreign Office has powers under the Treaty to act through the League of Nations.

It must act at once.

Stop supplies!

There is nothing to prevent his unloading his deadly merchandise on, say, our Indian frontier. We know that King Amanullah includes poison-gas in his armaments. Where did he get it?

Irrespective of what Party or government is shielding Stolzenburg, his activities constitute a menace to humanity and they must be stopped.

Men of the calibre of the learned doctor are out of place in this world. A mind trained in the last perfection of scientific culture and a nature with the moral inhibitions of the jungle are too dangerous a combination to be allowed at large.

If the German people will not do it we look to our Foreign Office to write "Finis" to Dr. Stolzenburg's foul career.

Have you applied for

YOUR FREE CAMERA?

THINK of the pictures of your children, your friends, your holiday outings—size 2½ in. by 3¼ in.—you will be able to take with your "J.B. Ensign" Camera. You can have one FREE not only for yourself but for a friend as well by getting the forms on page 38 filled in to-day.

But—don't put off—there are only a few left. Soon you will be too late.

COMPANY MEETING.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was held on Feb. 13, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Carpenter, C.B.E., D.Sc., M.I.C.E. (President and Joint Managing Director), in the chair.

The President said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will have observed that, while there has been an increase in the number of our consumers, this has been accompanied by a slight reduction in the consumption of gas. This is easily understandable when one looks back at the mild weather which prevailed during the latter part of the year, and which was bound to affect that portion of our supply which is used for heating purposes. The past month of January has, on the other hand, been colder than usual, so you will not be surprised to learn that during that period our sales increased by over 10 per cent.

MONTHLY GAS ACCOUNTS.

Now, in order to overcome trouble of that kind we instituted nearly a year ago a system of monthly meter inspecting and account rendering. The new system has proved a great success, and although in a few isolated cases there are still some objections to the abolition of the Quarter Day accounts, the great majority of our consumers have welcomed the change.

LOW TEMPERATURE FUEL.

There is no doubt that to-day the public are in a more sympathetic mood to listen to suggestions for rendering life healthier in the Metropolis, and there is no doubt again that this will affect its attitude towards the movement for the total abolition of raw coal as fuel. There are two methods of putting this proposal into practice, both of which involve applying to the raw coal a preliminary, either partial or complete, distillation of the volatile (and when discharged into the air harmful) products. In the one case the existing grates would, generally speaking, require to be adapted to the fuel, whilst the other process produces a fuel adapted to the grates. The carbonising processes to which coal for these purposes is subjected are called respectively the high and low temperature systems. They produce not only a different solid residual, such as coke in the one case, and such as "coalite" in the other, but the resultant gaseous and liquid products differ widely in character. The technology of the low-temperature processes differs radically from the older one, and many problems of great interest are involved with their adoption. The two systems which we are about to work on the large scale differ completely in their respective designs, and may be roughly said to represent the two extremes between which various modifications have been proposed.

THE WORKERS AND HEALTH CONDITIONS.

But I was telling you of the reasons for the change in our attitude towards the employment of hand labour. We have, however, extended our vision in another direction, namely towards seeking and maintaining a higher quality in that which we employ. I feel sure that Industry has been too often debited with the impaired health of its workers when the origin should be sought elsewhere. We are now giving to labour an oversight a similar kind to that generally given to machinery. For just as to-day we need every assistance in improving our technical and mechanical processes, so also do we need to avail ourselves of every opportunity to attain increased efficiency in the human element by which it is set going, worked and maintained. You may have noticed recently in the Press references to the large increase in the number of what are called "heart cases," and judging from our own experience much more disability arises from this cause than the much-dreaded one of cancer. We have fortunately been able to secure the sympathetic help of one of the greatest authorities upon this subject, namely, Dr. Strickland Goodall, the eminent cardiologist, and with the machinery set up by us we have, through our own medical officers, been able to do two things. We have on the one hand been able to point troubles and nip them in the bud, and on the other, either by lightening employment or superannuation, provide alternatives to continuing at work with possible fatal consequences.

The President concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Frank H. Jones, M.Inst.C.E. (Vice-President), seconded the motion.

Tax, Insurance, Licence, Garage, paid for one year.

FREE

YOUR OWN INITIALS IN GOLD

and the opportunity of winning one of these

PRIZES

THIS SPRING, the makers of Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid again ask you to accept their novel and attractive gift—a set of your own initials in rich English Gold.

These handsome initials take the convenient form of special transfers, simple to affix and worthy to decorate your cycle, tennis racquet, attaché case, the doors of a car or anything that calls for identification and deserves embellishment. They are quite free; your acceptance entails no obligation whatsoever—but *may make you the winner of a car this season.*

With your Gold Initials, you will receive a Colour Chart and Entry Forms entitling you to the special opportunity of winning one of the fine prizes shown above. These cars and motor cycles are all to be given in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Fill in the Coupon below and send to-day for your Free Gifts and full particulars of this simple and entertaining contest.

The following are offered as prizes in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Every prize will include, Tax, Licence, Insurance and Garage FREE for one year.

HUMBER, 9.28 h.p.
4-Seater Saloon

MORRIS COWLEY
12 h.p. SALOON

CLYNO, 12 h.p.
4-Seater TOURER

SINGER, 8 h.p.
SUNSHINE SALOON

AUSTIN "SEVEN"
COUPE

DOUGLAS, 5.9 h.p.
Motor Cycle & Sidecar

TRIUMPH, 2.7 h.p.
Solo Model

When filling in your Coupon remember to ask for booklets describing the delightful things you yourself can do with Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid — the renovation of Cycles, Motor Cycles and Cars; the rejuvenation of Furniture, Fittings, and all the little things in your home.

ROBBIALAC

The Perfect Enamel

&

BRUSHING ROBBIALOID

The New Cellulose Finish

138

COUPON

Enclose this Coupon in an unsealed envelope and post under 1d. stamp to—DEPT. JR ROBBIALAC WORKS, STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15

Kindly forward me free and post free two fold transfers of my own initials as shown, also full particulars of the Robbialac Colour Ballot, together with Colour Chart and special Entry Forms entitling me to become a participant. Please enclose also the booklets marked below with an "X."

Full instructions for enamelling a

(A) Cycle..... (B) Motor Cycle..... (C) Car with Robbialac

(D) 24-page Illustrated Booklet of novel hints on using Robbialac for all the painting jobs you do yourself.

(E) Leaflet telling how the veriest amateur can get a perfect Cellulose finish with Brushing Robbialoid.

(Fill in initials here)

Name .....

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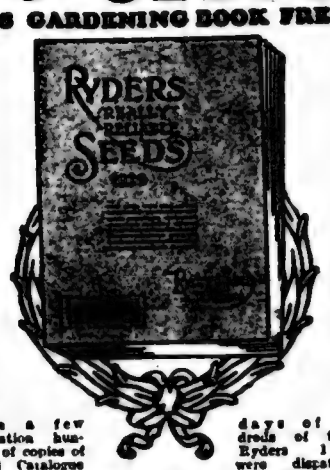

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CASH DOWN FOR JOBS —and Jobbery

Agencies that batten on the worker

Mr. C. W. Gibson (right), L.C.C., sub-divisional organiser of the Workers Union, is fully alive to the evil of profiteering employment agencies

THERE are countless individuals who grow fat and rich at the expense of the lean and poor—who prune the pockets of the unemployed, through the medium of private employment agencies.

Apart from the registration fee demanded by such agencies, there is invariably "that little matter of commission," often running into a figure representing the first week's salary.

Only recently a young man presented himself at one of these "charitable" institutions, styled the London Employment Bureau, with offices at 14, Frith Street, London, W.1.

After paying his half-crown registration fee he was offered a job as an ice porter at a salary of £2 2s. 6d. a week.

Eagerly he jumped at the offer, but his ardour was cooled when he was suavely informed that there would be a small commission charge of £1 1s. 3d., which just about represented the total sum of his worldly wealth.

Nor was there any guarantee that the job would be a permanent one, but with the choice of agreeing or again facing starvation he had no option but to take the risk.

And the bureau took his money.

A still more glaring example of this kind of thing is the case of a young women who called at the office of Mr. M. M. Wheatley, whose address is at 5, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Nearly in tears

Duly registered, the young woman in question could hardly restrain her joy when she was offered an immediate post in a fashionable West End establishment, her salary to be £2 10s. a week.

And she could hardly restrain the tears when she was told that the "small matter" of commission also amounted to £2 10s.

She could not pay the commission at once. Well, they were sorry, but, in that case, they could not divulge the address of the employers.

With considerable difficulty, the girl managed to "scrape" together the necessary sum, but she also was given no guarantee that the job would last.

An unregistered concern styled the Midland Publicity Bureau is another example of the ramp that is rife.

Three of our readers who replied to an advertisement in a famous national newspaper for a "warehouseman willing to act as night watchman," each received a crude, type-written reply asking for a registration fee of half-a-crown, on receipt of which a letter of introduction to the firm involved would be sent.

The address of the "bureau" as given in the letter, proved, on investigation by us, to be that of a private hotel in the West End of London

Miss Dorothy Evans, M.A., Secretary of the Women Clerks and Secretaries Association

We discovered that a Mr. G. Buckland, who had signed the letters, had stayed at the hotel, and, during his period of residence there, had received a great deal of correspondence.

The proprietress assured us that no employment bureau of any kind had ever been carried on at her address, and that she had had her suspicions of Mr. Buckland from the first.

A remarkably clever system of fraud, which we have carefully investigated, exists in the catering trade. It is operated with clockwork-like regularity.

A great number of these privately-owned employment bureaus which cater for chefs, waiters, and waitresses, are controlled by head waiters and staff managers.

In their employ they have a small army of touts whose task it is to scour hotels and restaurants offering a commission to those head waiters and staff managers who can provide vacancies.

Perpetual job-hunting

It is not difficult to fathom the plot.

An applicant may be offered what he understands to be a permanent job. He pays his fee and his commission, and at the end of the week is dismissed. No reason is given. He cannot argue the point.

Dismally he is driven back again to the weary, soul-destroying task of job-hunting, and he is forced to pay over many well-earned half-crowns to re-register with the agencies, as well as the usual commission when offered another post.

These are not by any means the most flagrant examples of how unscrupulous commission-grabbers are fleecing the unemployed.

There are actually agencies that charge the abnormal figure of 10 per cent. on the first year's salary.

Heavy commission

In that case, the applicant who is suited with a £3 10s. a week situation has to pay down a lump sum of nearly £20.

Certain agencies, in a burst of "generosity," will accept payment on the instalment basis, but, even so, the amount is nothing more nor less than daylight robbery.

And so the ramp continues. Every chef, waiter and waitress dismissed means an additional profit to those who have actually engineered their misfortune.

It is little wonder, therefore, that these alien rascals (for the majority of them are foreigners) are able to amass a small fortune sufficient to enable them to return as affluent and much-respected citizens of their native lands.

Sinister system

This system of criminal business methods, amounting to nothing more nor less than a form of blackmail, has a decidedly sinister and far-reaching effect on British unemployment.

Since 1920, when the Unemployment Insurance Act was extended to cover almost all types of workers within a certain income limit, all those unemployed have been obliged to attend the various employment exchanges to collect their much-needed benefit allowance.

This, specially in the case of the catering trade, is about all that they do collect. Jobs are seldom, if ever, available through the Ministry of Labour.

Quite a long while ago, the whole question was taken up by the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries, and also by the Workers' Union.

The problem was brought by these organisations to the notice of the L.C.C. about eighteen months ago. A committee was formed, sub-committees were formed, but still the ramp continues.

Examples to follow

The proposals submitted to the L.C.C. and the City of London Corporation suggested that all private employment agencies should discontinue charging a registration fee and that no sum amounting to more than "half a week's salary" should be paid by an applicant as commission.

But this is all too gentle a method of coping with a flagrant evil.

Mussolini does things better in Italy, where, under the Fascist regime, private employment agencies were abolished so long ago as in 1919.

Germany, too, realised the menace years ago. In 1910, profit-making agencies were placed under strict police supervision, and, since that time, there have been increasing steps towards stamping them out.

In other European countries, in the United States and in the British colonies the governments are alive to the danger of private agencies.

In the whole of Western Australia, for instance, there are only seventeen such institutions, while in New Zealand they are controlled by the Labour Ministry.

What is Great Britain going to do about it?

SQUARE AND FAIR!

Go in for "John Bull's" £500 Crossword! See page 4

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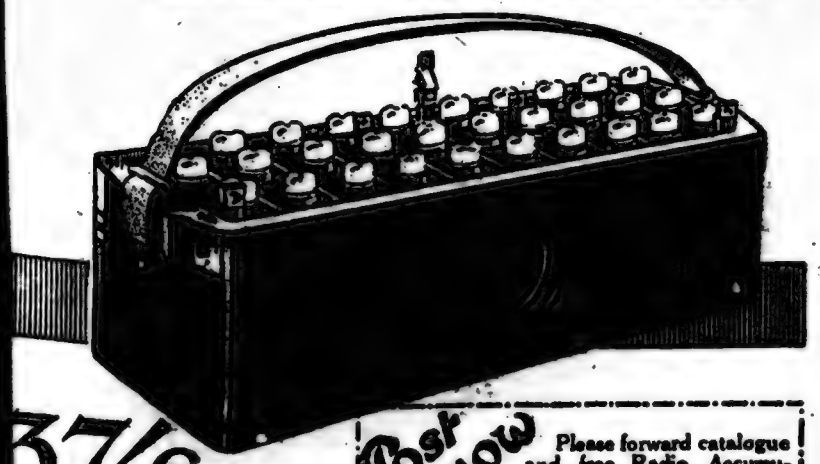

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PLAIN RING—TEN SHILLINGS

Poverty's Secret Barometer

THE pawnbroker is in the best position to plumb the depths of misery now creeping up everywhere and engulfing unaccustomed conditions of people.

Strange faces come before his counter now that might disturb and haunt even a pawnbroker. Thin hands leave their treasured things unwillingly on the counter, to be gruffly disparaged by the man who does not weigh sentimental values.

Of course, he does not pretend to be a philanthropist. He cannot afford to be sentimental. No man of quick feeling could face the tragic spectacle, repeated throughout every hour of the day, of people who have known comfort sinking down hopelessly under grinding poverty.

The confessional never witnessed more sorrowful wringing of hearts, nor compressed more moving drama in its narrow stage, than goes on at the present time between the partitions along the pawnbroker's counter.

The space outside the counter is partitioned off for privacy into little cubicles like confessional boxes, and within this narrow scope, with only a single actor at a time, tragedy finds its uttermost expression.

These places have become the very gauge of poverty; a barometer showing the widespread effects of the growing problem of unemployment and revealing many a losing fight against adversity.

Taking a scene at random that might be enacted at any chance hour, a spectator would be heartrended without even seeing the whole figure of the actor on the stage at that moment.

Just to see the hands and the sort of things they bring to pawn tells clearly enough the story of bitter pain that lies behind. A pair of thin hands comes out on the counter. The mark showing where a wedding ring has been worn draws attention to the absence of the ring itself.

The fingers begin to fumble with the string on a carefully wrapped brown-paper parcel.

When the trembling hands at last succeed in opening the parcel a few little garments are revealed—pretty folded things of silk and wool.

The pawnbroker hardly looks at them.

"Afraid there's nothing doing, Mum. We get no sale for them. Nobody'd ever buy christening clothes from us."

The woman cowers back further into the shadow of the partition.

"It's only a loan," she falters, "I'll be taking them out again. . . . They will be needed soon."

Sacrificed blankets

The pawnbroker picks up the things by one corner and tosses them over.

"Oh, all right, seeing it's you, and just to oblige, I'll risk a shilling or two—say three shillings; couldn't go another penny. Christening clothes, three shillings! The boy will give you a ticket."

The woman goes out and the pawnbroker passes on to the next partition.

Two very small hands come up from below the height of the counter and a couple of blankets fall out of the flimsy wrapping of newspaper. The pawnbroker begins to wrap them up again at once.

He knows that he has had everything of value out of the room from which these blankets come. He could trace the course of the woman's illness in the most pathetic of all bulletins.

First the few bits of ornaments, wedding presents and the like had been brought to him. Then followed all too quickly every article of clothing that could be spared, and every movable stick of furniture that might bring a shilling or two.

The pawnbroker cannot afford to weigh sentimental values

Behind the scenes, where household gods and sentimental treasures are stored in nondescript bundles

The poverty chart

He feels slightly uncomfortable about refusing the blankets.

"Your mother's sick and she can't spare these off her bed," he says benevolently. "What did you say? If she had a couple of shillings for food she would be able to get up and about—get a bit of cleaning to do? Maybe she would and maybe she wouldn't——"

"I can't afford to gamble on it though, and these blankets are worn out. Here, sonnie, tell your mother they're no use for pawning. . . . It's no use crying; take hold of them and run along."

Then two old hands present a buff envelope from which they shakily bring out a row of medals and clasps.

"Look here, dad," says the pawnbroker, "I could sell medals for sinkers to all the fishermen in the world——"

"You won't sell these," the old man interrupts him. "I only want five shillings to make up what I took out of the rent-through going to see about the old age pension. Your money'll be all right. I got a letter this morning, in that very envelope the medals are in, saying my claim has been admitted."

The pawnbroker remains doubtful until the letter is passed over to him. Then he reads it so slowly that the old hands on the counter shake more than ever with anxiety.

At last he says: "I see they admit your claim as from October. You'll have about £8 coming whenever they make up their minds to send it. I don't mind lending you a pound or so if you make sure to come in when you get the money."

Pity the pensioner!

The old man goes out so overjoyed that he never notices the special ticket and the rate of interest.

Of course, the business used not to be nearly so tragic. It was seldom anything more serious than a student lightly raising a few shillings on his watch, microscope or drawing instruments; a journalist getting plenty of easy money and only forced to borrow for a few days through intemperance; or the working man's wife with the chronic "on-the-book" habit, coming regularly twice a week with the clock and her husband's Sunday clothes.

All of these had plenty of good-natured bargaining because they were certain of getting the things out on Friday night.

But the traffic now is in heart's blood—wedding rings; medals that were won by soldier sons now dead; overcoats from the backs of men who look as if they had influenza already . . .

Meditating on the squalor and bitterness that is now the daily routine of his trade makes the pawnbroker almost angry with the novices who come shamefacedly in at his front door.

As a rule only the policeman coming around with the regular lists of stolen property walks boldly in at the front, or an occasional purchaser perhaps for some unredeemed pledge from the window stock.

The right course for people with pledges is to dart suddenly up the side entry, trying to look as if they meant to go out at the other end of the lane.

For this reason pawnbrokers are careful always to choose a site with a secret concealed side entrance.

A sacred pledge

Clearly this woman of fifty-five who has just entered the shop has never before been in a pawnbroker's. Another of the new sort trying to hold the lips firm although the eyes are giving the show away. Her face is colourless from too much tea and too little of anything else.

"Another wedding ring," says the pawnbroker. "I'm full up with them. Couldn't possibly go fifteen shillings. Take ten? . . . Hey, boy! Plain ring ten shillings! What name?"

Mechanically the boy writes a middle-aged Englishwoman's first pawnticket.

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10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

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I gave up business when I married, but I've saved £100 the first year"

"Tom wouldn't hear of my staying on at business after we got married, though we knew there'd be little left for saving once our regular expenses were paid. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that things would be really serious if I couldn't do something myself to help matters along. It wouldn't have been fair to Tom to go back to business again, even if my old post hadn't been filled; but I realised that I just must ease the strain of the constant dipping into our small savings to meet the payments on our house, furniture and insurance, as they fell due. I could see that as our nest-egg dwindled Tom got more and more worried though he never said anything. Then I had a wonderful stroke of luck: In 'John Bull' I saw an invitation to women like myself to write to The Secretary, Room 29B, 245, Tottenham Court Road, London W.1, for full details of the way in which to earn that extra money we could so well do with. You can guess I didn't waste any time. And by return I received the information that has changed our whole life and future prospects. Within a few weeks money worries were things of the past. My earnings have helped us out a dozen times in the past year, and wasn't Tom surprised when I showed him my bank book last week."

Readers who write to the Secretary, Room 29B, 245, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, will receive by return of post full interesting details of modern woman's best way of earning extra money in spare hours in her own home.

DON'T LET INDIGESTION AGE YOU.

Many a young person looks old and haggard through indigestion. The continual pain and discomfort combined with the inability of weakened stomach organs to extract nourishment from food are such a terrible strain that they drive all trace of youth away. If you ever have indigestion, no matter how slight—beware! Get to the root of the trouble before it becomes chronic. 'Bisurated' Magnesia will do this quickly. This great stomachic stops indigestion almost instantly by neutralising excess acid and stopping food fermentation — common causes of digestive trouble—while nothing else so surely soothes, heals and strengthens your weakened stomach. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used by doctors and in hospitals all over the world. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from your chemist to-day. The complete freedom from digestive pain and discomfort will be wonderful and will make you feel healthier and younger.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

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The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Have the Graves 'BENEFIT' Bale delivered Carriage Paid to your home, and judge its merits for yourself.
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Comprising: 1 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue Borders, weight 7lbs, size 68x85ins; 1 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, weight 5lbs, size 60x80ins; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, weight 5½lbs, size 72 x 94ins; 2 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, weight 4lbs, size 70 x 90ins; 2 White Pillow Cases, size 30x20ins; 1 White Bolster Case, size 22x60ins
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Should the BOND OF MOTHERHOOD *Defy the Law?*

A "Custody of the Children" Problem

THREE years ago I left my husband. As a result, he divorced me, and because he had a good lawyer and I could not afford to pay for one, the Court gave him the custody of the three elder children.

I, their own mother, was merely allowed to keep with me the baby, still at the breast.

I went away for a time but could not bear it. I returned to my home town simply and solely to have the blessed privilege of meeting my three kiddies on their way home from school.

The moment they saw me they simply ran and flung themselves into my arms. The parting again tore my heart in two.

A few weeks later I repeated this visit, but how terribly changed was the demeanour of my children! When I drew near to kiss and embrace them they were frantic with fear as "the police might see them."

They had evidently, on the first occasion, run home gleefully to report the news that mummy had come back and then the wicked blow had fallen.

They had been told that the policemen were after me and that if they were seen talking to me they would be well whipped.

IN spite of all this, I kept persevering, for my love for my children is such that I cannot keep away.

Now has come the bitterest blow of all. My visits to the home town have led to my enlightenment. During the past eighteen months my husband has remarried. I learn that the new wife is a girl much younger than himself.

Consequently, I have the most dreadful certainty that my poor kiddies are not getting the care and attention they need.

Give me your help, I implore. I want my own kiddies back. Of course, I also have re-married and I am quite happy and comfortable, but who is this girl to have charge of my kiddies?

Is there any way, short of downright abduction, in which I can get them back?

HUMANIST says: You can't get them back. Precious little you cared for their welfare when you ran away with another man and left their father to manage anyhow.

That he not only got a divorce, but legal custody of the children, shows that the judge also took this view.

And whose fault is it that your children now have a stepmother?

HER SHADY SHEIK

is too mysterious

SOME weeks ago I was introduced to a young man, a medical student at our local University. He told me he was an Egyptian.

Our introduction was followed up by his inviting me to go with him to dances. We met almost every evening.

Then he told me that he intended giving up medical studies, and was going after a situation he had heard of as traveller for a firm of wholesale fruit importers.

Later he said that everything he had told me previously was quite untrue, that the name he had given me was a fictitious one and for important reasons (reasons, however, which were all to the good) he could not tell me his real name.

I tried to find out for myself something of his family, but every one of his friends at the University are foreigners. Many are Egyptians. My letters were always addressed to him care of a member of the University Union.

After a time he told me he had quarrelled with the man who took charge of his letters and said I had better depend upon his 'phone calls for meetings.

This left me in the position of not knowing his name, address or anything about him.

The deepening mystery only added to his fascination, for he is dark and handsome with black eyes and such a winning way that any girl might be excused for being impressed with his personality.

At the moment he is at one of our seaports. He dresses up in silk hat, frock-coat and white spats, and is altogether more like a big business man than a student still in search of education.

Worse, I am told that my "mystery man" has been seen going to the-dansants with a pretty young lady to whom, in a quiet interval, he handed some papers. Afterwards the two got into a taxi and went off together.

These details have come to me through a friend whose word I can absolutely trust, yet at the same time my foreign friend continues to write to me.

Now, I want you to let me know what you think of him. Would you advise me to break completely from him or would there be any harm in my meeting him for a week-end at this seaside resort?

I am strongly tempted, but very undecided, for while my heart says one thing my common-sense will not give consent.

HUMANIST says: Follow your common-sense and leave your heart out of it unless you are idiotic enough to hold it out to this man to be broken.

To follow up acquaintanceship of this sort is to head for certain disaster.

Treat this man with the silence he deserves, and be thankful that in breaking off the acquaintance at this stage, you can do so before matters have become worse.

STEPSON'S HONOUR

true to aged father

MINE is a terrible problem—tied for life to an old, old man, while passionately and desperately in love with a young one.

I was a mere girl when I was first wooed and won. I was flattered and dazzled, for my suitor was the richest man in our provincial town.

It seemed grand to be mistress, as I knew I could be, by saying one word, of a big house, with a retinue of servants, and with money and motor-cars at my disposal. All my friends thought so too. One and all they urged me to seize the "golden opportunity." I did.

My husband, though of a quiet, retiring disposition, has been good to me in his way. Yet lately I have felt the canker of despair gnawing at my heart, as I look round at other women less fortunate in regard to wealth, but who have, nevertheless, what is better than all the world beside, *real love*.

If I could fill the house with company it would be better, but my husband is studious and intensely dislikes chatter and noise. So the young must ever suffer for the old!

This has been borne in upon me by the return home of my stepson. He walked into the house unexpectedly one day, and his coming was as a sudden gleam of sunshine.

ALMOST from the first moment of greeting I knew the dreadful truth. By making an "excellent match" I had lost the best that life can offer.

He, too, I know, though he will not say so, felt exactly the same thing. We are both broken-hearted. Our love was too late. My stepson wishes to be loyal to his father, and says he knows the sooner he goes away the better it will be for us both.

But I? How can I let him go? Must I pay with tears and misery for ever for the mistake I made? Is there no honourable way out? Otherwise, what am I to do with my life?

HUMANIST says: Don't talk nonsense, and put away all thought of anything more than ordinary friendship with your stepson.

It was an honour for such a man as your husband to offer you his love; and, as—in addition—he was wealthy, it gave you great opportunities for usefulness. Interest yourself in the social welfare work in your town, its hospital and good causes.

You will find it of absorbing interest and you will gain everyone's respect instead of losing it. Your stepson is showing manliness in wishing to go away, and you must encourage him to do so instead of ruining his life.

FAMILY'S BAD BOY

needs tactful handling

I AM the father of six children, five of whom are "Good-as-good-can-be." The sixth is a regular "young wastrel."

At fifteen neither his mother nor myself can do anything with him. I got him a job as baker's vanboy, but he wouldn't come home at night when his work was done.

I fear he has had many a penny, how obtained I do not know, that he never ought to have had.

Then he stole a bike for a joy-ride, which the owner, forgiving him, recovered from his place of work.

But this led to the baker giving him the sack. I myself am on short time, suffering from neurasthenia, and I feel the whole thing getting badly on my nerves.

Once or twice he has been fined for similar offences, so can you tell me what I can do?

What, for instance, would you do with such a lad?

HUMANIST says: Since your boy is evidently the liveliest of your brood, he needs tactful handling. Forget your nerves and think of the lad's future. Be a pal to him, and if he wants a bike help him to save up and come by one honestly.

Ask the baker or some other tradesman to give him another chance.

If you talk as man-to-man instead of railing at your boy, I believe he will respond and be proud to help you to sustain the family honour.

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Keep happy Memories of

YOUR CHILD

in the Sunny Days!

Think of all those pretty little ways—those scenes in the back garden—those holiday picnics. Don't you want to keep these records for ever? If so, take advantage of "John Bull's" wonderful offer and secure a "J.B. Ensign" Camera free, not only for yourself but for a friend as well. Turn to page 38 and get the forms filled in TO-DAY!

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Illustration shows National Portable ready for carrying.

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Our Letter Parliament

The WHITEST MAN I've Known

THE other day I was coming through our village, and suddenly espied "Our Prince," followed by a crowd of children.

He turned to his left, walked through an entry into an unemployed man's home.

His Royal Highness could not have chosen a better example for the purpose of his visit, and I venture to say he has more backbone, sincerity and courage than 99 per cent. of his ministers.

As you affirm, he is a genuine "Prince of the people." He acts while the ministers talk empty platitudes.—*W. H. Graham, Newburn-on-Tyne.*

"Father of the Man"

He was a fifteen-year-old "man." After joining the local Boy Scouts, he toiled hard and saved to buy his uniform and go to camp, the Mecca of all good scouts.

At last his work and thrift were rewarded; the much-needed money was his. Then a financial need arose in his home.

Like a man he handed over his hard-earned savings, and went without uniform and camp—*with a true British smile on his face.*—*S. P., South Wales.*

Sound at Seventy

The whitest man I know is my own dear father. Handicapped with a crippled wife—mother had an accident twenty years ago—and sharing the home and expenses of a married brother, he faces life bravely, going out to work at seventy.

Every morning he is up at 6.30 a.m., lights the fire, and sees to mother's breakfast; never a complaint or murmur, though his life is one perpetual sacrifice.

He never takes a holiday; always the same reply, "I can't leave your mother." Truly one of Nature's gentlemen. God bless him.—*Mrs. Booth, Bradford.*

The Poor Curate

The man I have in mind is a curate of a poor parish. No task is too great or small for him to perform for the benefit of his "flock."

He is very poor, and exceedingly shabby, but goodness radiates from him.

ORIGINAL letters, upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

MY HANDICAP IN LIFE

I can see him now, sitting by the bedside of some sick child, relating a fairy tale, or reading cheerily a book, though looking very tired and ill himself.

Whenever he visits the sick he takes some little gift, a few flowers, a toy, or perhaps a little dainty to tempt the appetite; but it costs him many a meal.—*D. W., Waltham.*

A Noble Action

A courier-dog of the Germans lay between the lines in No Man's Land wounded. The Germans feared to attempt rescue, and suddenly—we were on the flank of the French—one of the allied soldiers jumped over the parapet, and walked straight for the animal.

Not a shot was fired. Lifting the dog in his arms, this private took it right to the German parapet, and gave it into safe keeping.

Then, stiffly saluting his enemies, walked back unhurriedly and regained his own trench. The Germans cheered like mad.

And the white man, oddly enough, was a Senegalese!—"*Ex-Flanders,*" *Stafford.*

Wanderer's Sacrifice

My husband was a victim of the 'flu during the epidemic in 1918. Our nearest neighbour lived about a mile away, and as the roads were deep in snow, and the children very young, I couldn't get help.

I was nearly demented, for my husband got delirious, when a knock suddenly came at the door.

My visitor was a dirty, ragged tramp, who looked utterly exhausted, and who sought shelter until morning. I explained matters to him, and, without waiting to rest or get warm, off he went and soon afterwards the much-needed help came.

But my homeless wanderer never returned, and I have never been able to thank the whitest man I've known.—*Mrs. K. Muir, Dundee.*

The Constant Lover

I cruelly jilted him, after he had made arrangements for our wedding, and married another.

Eight years later, during which time he never by word or deed showed animosity, I realised his worth. Crossing a busy road with my little boy, I became flurried with the traffic, and we were in imminent peril of being run down.

Suddenly someone rushed forward and hurled us clear just as a big vehicle was upon us. We were both shaken, but regaining our feet, saw a poor mangled form carried to the footpath.

I can never express my feelings when I saw it was my jilted lover, and as he saw my tear-stricken face, he faintly whispered, "Thank God, Annie, you and the kiddie are safe."

They were the last words he uttered.—"*Grateful,*" *Scarborough.*

Engine Driver's Pluck

Whilst travelling abroad our train came to a sudden stop.

On looking out of the window I saw a bridge a little way ahead had given way. A flooded river ran beneath.

The engine driver had stopped the train, jumped out and saved a man, one of three brothers who were fishing in the river, the other two being carried away.

His prompt action had not only saved the man, but the lives of all the passengers as well.

Needless to say a collection was made for this brave man.—*Mrs. O. Prime, Goose Green, Wigan.*

Planter's Princely Act

I was dining with a friend who had spent many years abroad, when an elderly gentleman entered the restaurant.

"There goes a white man!" said my friend.

"He went out to the West Indies years ago, and became a successful planter. Desiring to leave the Island, he sold his plantation to a new-comer for £5,000.

"Later he learnt that twenty-four hours after the sale the plantation had been ruined by a cyclone. Returning on the next steamer, he repaid the new-comer £2,500."—*T. K., Leeds.*

Known to Many

It was whilst I was in France that I met him. During the heavy bombardment he was always amongst us, giving a cheery word here and there, heedless of enemy shells and bullets.

He didn't care a hang for them, and we never asked for a cigarette in vain. He was known as "Woodbine Willie."—*William Winward, Stonecliough.*

* * *

Letters in Little

Climbing a rickety flight of steps in the bakehouse he slipped, falling into a dough bin, and came out—the whitest man I've known!—*Harry Stephens, Sheffield.*

1,745 out of 1,777 typewriters in use at the P.M.-G.'s department are of foreign manufacture!—"*Britain First.*" *Glam.*

Would it not be far wiser to postpone the Channel Tunnel scheme and spend some of the millions it would cost in reconditioning and reopening our mines?—*Mr. E. A. Brown.*

One broad-minded, strong-willed business man is better than a whole bunch of squabbling, self-styled politicians.—"*Dilicerus,*" *Hull.*

Homely Wisdom — *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

The Dominant Spirit

TWO minutes ago I put down a book by H. de Vere Stacpoole in which he describes a Pacific Ocean tragedy and makes one of his characters say that in this part of the world men's principal amusement is fighting.

Well, I happen to be sitting within view of the Pacific Ocean myself, and upon my word the very first thing that impresses me is the truth of this statement.

"What!" my readers will say. "The Pacific folk love fighting! Why, we thought they were as pacific in temper as their ocean is in name. It is our war-torn old world that knows most about fighting."

Believe me, that is not so. I am not talking of the shedding of blood, though this wonderful Pacific Ocean is not unlikely to be in time to come the scene of as terrible struggles between rival Powers as the Mediterranean and the Atlantic have been for many generations.

The fighting instinct can take many forms, and some of them are as fine and productive of good as war is horrible and productive of evil.

A great American, Luther Burbank, says, in his book, "The Harvest of the Years," wherein he tells the story of his own life, that the great task of the future will be to set men fighting to overcome every obstacle to the emancipation of the human soul from the bondage of dark and grievous things.

Mr. Henry Ford

He contends that the very same pugnacious impulse that sent our forefathers out as pirates is now turning youngsters into pioneers and pathfinders in every new field of discovery and delight.

Henry Ford says much the same. There is something in all of us, he affirms, that really enjoys mastering an obstinate difficulty and giving the world a good thing.

The people I see around me here all seem to be imbued with this spirit.

They are a restless crowd, so full of energy that sometimes it bursts out in wrong directions.

THERE is a kind of boyish impishness in many of their doings that makes a visitor gasp; but a kindly nature almost invariably goes along with it.

Nothing daunts them; they tackle every new project with eagerness.

We need not be ashamed to take a lesson from them.

There is a fighter inside you. Turn him loose on works that bless and heal, not on aims that blast and destroy.

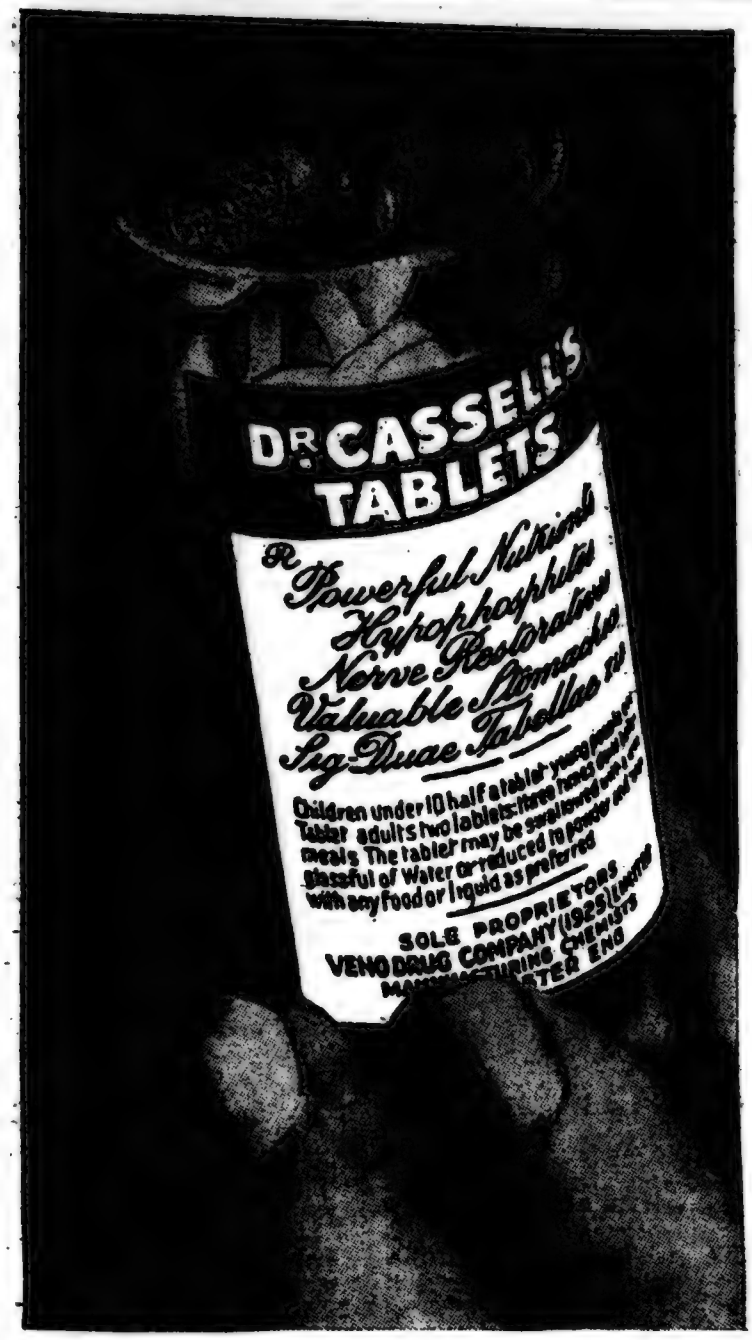
Expect to win, and to win over time

NEURITIS

"I suffered acute agony from neuritis in my right shoulder . . . I had no energy or appetite . . . From the moment I tried your remedy my energy and appetite returned, and I lost the terrible pain."—E. A. King, 70, Farnham Road, Seven Kings.

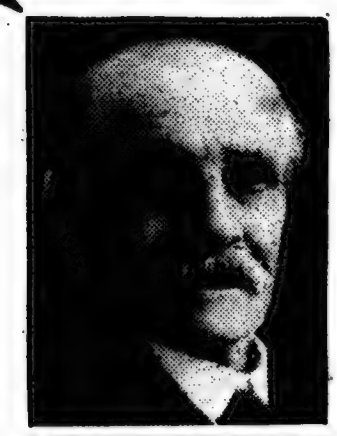
NEURASTHENIA

"For twelve months I suffered from Neurasthenia, severe headaches and insomnia . . . Chemist advised Cassell's . . . noticed improvement after second bottle . . . now in the best of health."—Mrs. A. Barnes, 798, Harrow Road, Willesden.



NERVES

"For two years I have been nervy and run-down, suffering from headaches . . . I tried several remedies, when the chemist advised Cassell's. I have taken two boxes with great benefit."—Miss Lorraine Gough, 21 Seventh Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.



DYSPEPSIA

"My digestion and nerves had been bad for 14 years, the result was sleeplessness and depression . . . From the first dose I felt better . . . My vitality is remarkable for an old man; I attribute this and my good health and spirits entirely to Cassell's."—C. E. Wilson, 54 Park Grove Avenue, E.4.

SAY "NO!" TO 'FLU WITH CASSELL'S TABLETS

'FLU is SPREADING faster than ever. Hardly a home, factory or business house has escaped its menace. It is everywhere! The fact of the matter is, most of us are not anything like so fit as we should be; the consequence is we are easy victims. Cold, wet days and searching winds make it more difficult to keep fit. If you are run-down or 'nervy' you have little chance of escape, and so are running unnecessary risks.

Build up RESISTANCE with CASSELL'S

Your best way is to build-up vitality with the course of a good tonic—such as Cassell's Tablets. The extra nourishment taken in this way will stand you in good stead, and your resisting power will be three or four times as great.

Cassell's supply HYPOPHOSPHITES to build-up depleted nerve-cells and generally nourish the nervous system. DIGESTIVE ENZYMES, STOMACHICS, etc., to increase the power of the digestive juices and stimulate the appetite, and BLOOD NUTRIENTS to nourish and enrich the blood supply. Dr. Cassell's are the supremely successful example of a NOURISHING medicine. They are pleasant to take and SAFE FOR THE YOUNGEST child. Start a course to-day and build-up your strength surely—steadily as thousands of others have done, then you need not worry about 'flu.

FOR ALL NERVE AND DIGESTIVE COMPLAINTS, including:

Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Headaches, Breakdown, Indigestion, Flatulence, Debility, Palpitation, Anæmia, etc.

1/3 SMALL SIZE

CASSELL'S TABLETS

YOU NEEDN'T GET THE 'FLU OR A FEVERISH COLD, IF 'ASPRO' WILL STOP IT In One Night

It's one thing for a medicine to claim to remove a 'Flu attack— it's another thing to do it. 'ASPRO' makes positive, definite and clear claims that it will relieve an Influenza or Cold attack in one night and it proves it. A good practice is to take two or three tablets with a hot Lemon drink or a hot Whisky. THE VALUE OF 'ASPRO' FOR INFLUENZA WAS PROVED IN AUSTRALIA WHEN THE PNEUMONIC INFLUENZA PLAGUE RAVAGED THE COUNTRY, AND THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA PROCLAIMED 'ASPRO' A NECESSARY COMMODITY IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST. 'ASPRO' attacks Influenza in two ways. First, as an anti-pyretic or fever-destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system, as a powerful internal antiseptic and germicide. A letter received from one relieved of Influenza makes the 'ASPRO' position clear when he says "you can't have 'Flu and 'ASPRO' too." Space will not permit the extensive publication of users' testimony. The following, however, should be sufficient to convince even the most sceptical. You can try 'ASPRO' for 6d. under our guarantee that if it does not give you the results claimed within fourteen days you can get your money back.

SO WHY WORRY?

LIVING PROOF

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'—

'ASPRO' EFFECTIVE WHERE OTHERS FAIL. NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED.

Scotland, 29th August, 1928.

Messrs. Gollin & Co. Pty., Ltd.,
Slough, Bucks.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' While I have made no chemical tests, the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I have found that people who could not take ordinary ASPIRIN OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO.' Also, doses of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect, which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character. If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

(Signed) ————.

Yours faithfully, F.B. (M.B., Ch.B.).

(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

'ASPRO' USES:

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

MARVELLOUS FOR 'FLU. LARGE PORTION OF STAFF IMMUNE

13, Christophers Place,
Wigmore Street, W.

Dear Sirs,—I am taking the liberty of thanking you for the wonderful results I have obtained from using 'ASPRO' Tablets. I might add that for the past three years I have been on the look-out for something that was good for Influenza colds and chronic catarrh. Then a friend told me to use 'ASPRO,' and I did so with marvellous effects.

Where I am employed we have a large staff, and as many as thirty have been away with this latest 'Flu, and the remarkable thing is that practically all those I told to use 'ASPRO' have kept free from 'Flu. I should like to add that I think it would be a great thing if you could get Business Houses to take up your treatment and even issue 'ASPRO' out to their staff. It would save a lot of inconvenience, also loss of trade. If you care to use this letter by all means do so; for my part I shall continue to use 'ASPRO,' as by doing so it will prevent me catching these colds.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. BUCKS.

'FLU & HEADACHE BANISHED

7, Artillery Lane,
Bishopsgate,
London, E.C.2.

Sir,

Having seen your advertisement for 'ASPRO,' I tried a box. I had influenza and a very bad headache. I can tell you, sir, I never even finished the box and I was cured. I can assure you I would never be without them. I will recommend them to my friends. To my idea no family should be without them.

You may use my card for an advertisement. (Signed) MRS. JOEL.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608

ASPRO REGD. TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

6D 1'3 & 2'6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS—TAYLORS—TIMOTHY WHITES—SQUIRES—NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

Wonderful Hair Grower

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko, the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is desired.

Miss Mary Little, from a photo.

Was Quite Bald.

Gorton.

What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny, just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist, and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair-grower.—Yours gratefully, Mary Little.

Thick and Curly Hair.

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko I was quite bald, I used to wear a silk cap to cover my head, as I had given up all hope and was tired of trying things to get my hair back again.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head from its milk-white baldness to its present wonderful thickness of hair. I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head in its natural brown colour, and thick and curly, as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair is the talk of my neighbours and friends. Wishing you every success to Kotalko, yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

Mrs. N. O'Neill, from a photo.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

TESTED JB

SEND OR COPY THIS COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....53 N.G.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 N.G.), LONDON, W.1.

HAVE YOU "TAKEN A RISK"?

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of venereal infection has taken place, go at once to a doctor or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres for advice.

There MAY be nothing the matter; but if there is the earlier the treatment is begun the quicker and surer is the cure.

Advice and treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy. False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret St., Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m. and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set; four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set; six useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 3d. the set, all post free, in plain cover.

Issued by the British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, a responsible body recognised by the Government. Secretary-General: S. Neville Rolfe, O.B.E.

FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

Magnificent Hornless Gramophone, polished Oak cabinet, powerful and silent motor, 10in Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, natural tone reproducer, and 12 brilliant 10in. double-sided records for £2-10-0 TERMS: Send 5/- now and 13 monthly payments of 5/- Plus Approval. Catalogue & Record List Post Free. J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER

The Graves 'Voiceo' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency. Every requisite is included, no extras are required, and full detailed instructions are sent with every set.

TEST IT AT HOME

10/6 NOW

Our Inclusive Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 24 monthly payments of 10/6. If you are entirely satisfied after trying the outfit in your own home. Money back if in any way disappointed.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION Cabinet of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid. Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valve-holders; H.T. Battery; 2-Volt Accumulator; Tuning Dials of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and Oak-grained to match the Cabinet. In both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £7.17.6

CATALOGUE FREE. For complete description of this amazing 2-Valve Set, and other powerful installations, write for Illustrated Catalogue to-day.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Write Now

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

MRS. P. (Balham).—"Why doesn't the sea dry up?" It's like you, it can't.

MRS. T. (Silsden).—"There are three stages in all married life." Catch, match, hatch.

VICTORIAN (Filey).—"My daughter refuses to do the steps." Doesn't she like pacing?

K. O. (Lancaster).—"The world needs its cranks." Yes, and more self-starters.

DICKIE (Kettering).—"He called my face a ptarmigan." Was that the pterm he used?

W. M. (Bradford).—"The verse I enclose is my very own." Well, we don't want it.

S. M. (Northwood).—"I am a man of few words." You keep them working overtime.

HANDEL (Poole).—"Do you know a song entitled 'Kiss Me, Cutie'?" No, thank heavens!

A. W. (Hendon).—"A woman's ideal is often shattered." But still more often the just broke.

E. H. (Hanwell).—"Your last issue was one think." Yes, it was a very extraordinary issue.

JIMMY (Goole).—"What is meant by a hint treatment?" Buying a drink for a man before he arrives.

E. R. (Bolton).—"A woman who dyes her hair is going to the devil." Henna, then Gehenna.

MRS. G. (Bradford).—"My husband has had acute indigestion for the last few months." Can't you get a cook?

T. T. (Plymouth).—"I have an ambition to become a director." How many envelopes can you direct in an hour?

PETER (Oxford).—"Can you tell me the best kind of watch to buy?" Yes, but that doesn't tell you what time it is.

N. (Stamford).—"I believe our opinions are often badly misrepresented in print." Well, it's certainly kind to say so.

SUSIE (Golders Green).—"We have delightful debates in our women's club." That's a good new name for pebbles!

D. (Hemsworth).—"What would you say if I advertised for a wife?" Hundreds of men would say you could have theirs with pleasure.

S. L. (Derby).—"He had a cold when he went out in all the rain." He couldn't. Rain can go out in more than falls in the immediate vicinity.

S. (Harringay).—"Since the racing track was set up near our house father and mother can't stop in at night." Are they both gone to the dogs?

PIE (Pimlico).—"It is not always true when a woman stands before a mirror to keep up her beauty." It is not. It is quite likely to be mere imagination.

P. (Cowes).—"He wears a bowler which is much too large for him." Needless it covers his ears and he can hear foolish people's remarks about it.

(Streatham).—"I told you in my last that I had taken a course of dress-training." And judging from your letter, you seem to have forgotten.

(Windsor).—"I enclose a photo of myself with my pet monkey." Other people we have shown it to have guessed that you are the one with the tail. Are they right?

P. S. (Isleworth).—"Is there a cure for a dirty complexion?" Soap and water.

L. S. (Hull).—"He rehearses his sermon to his wife." He practises what he preaches.

P. G. (Hampstead).—"What will follow if the penny post is restored?" More letters, unfortunately.

A. P. (Cardiff).—"And then my play suddenly ends happily." Or does it happily end suddenly?

D. K. J. (Putney).—"For true intensity, give me the modern poet." You can have him—and welcome.

S. T. (Leicester).—"It takes me all my time to stop my fellow workmen from quarrelling." Peace work?

G. F. (Walworth).—"He tried to make me look silly before my wife." And did she look silly first?

D. B. (Ryker).—"My wife insists that the word 'ski' is pronounced as if spelled 'shee.' Is she correct?" Ski is.

D. N. (London, N.).—"I have had a telephone installed at my house." Another wrong number for the rest of us!

G. B. (Southport).—"As a small boy I was given a trumpet for good behaviour." And apparently you are still blowing it!

S. P. (Maidstone).—"My father, my four brothers and I have all been cricketers in our time." Runs in the family.

R. T. H. (Reading).—"One of these days I shall pay you a surprise visit." That is certainly your only chance of finding us in.

K. P. (Leicester).—"There's no need to try to make life shorter." By jamming on the accelerator when you hadn't oughter!

P. C. (Westgate).—"The horse I had my money on turned round and ran towards the starting-post." You should have backed it both ways.

STALWART (Hanley).—"It's time somebody invented a temperance drink that will keep." We know houses in which a temperance drink would keep for years.

MRS. I. (Carshalton).—"If you will answer me fully I hope never to trouble you again." Just like a woman to try bribery!

R. H. P. (Eltham).—"You didn't like my last poems, but may I send you some different ones?" No—we've seen enough to know they could only be indifferent ones.

H. T. (Salford).—"I see that an 'unbreakable record' company has just gone into liquidation." The most-needed invention nowadays seems to be an unbreakable shareholder.

O. L. (Palmer's Green).—"The tax-collector asked me if I could remember having received a previous demand from him." He seems to have wanted even to tax your memory!

D. N. (Goole).—"I feel C3." We don't NVU.

G. M. (Bury).—"Women are as delicate as watches." And just as difficult to regulate.

B. L. (Madrid).—"A bull-fighter has to be a man of quick decision." He who hesitates is tossed.

C. C. (Shepherd's Bush).—"Are you engaged on Wednesdays?" We were, but we're married now.

B. T. (Pinner).—"She is a shallow woman." That's the type that usually gets a man out of his depth.

A. F. (Chatham).—"I consider that my character has been defamed." Probably it has only been defined.

D. P. (Aldgate).—"Don't you agree that concrete houses are the best?" Better, anyway, than abstract ones.

MRS. P. (Dorney Common).—"It's going to be a real battle of tongues between us." Then mind, you hold your own.

G. G. (Altrincham).—"Do you call yours a first-class journal?" Yes, but we've no objection to you reading it.

GEORGE (Carnarvon).—"What is the lowest type of man?" The one that took our umbrella, by mistake, last week.

N. A. (Hastings).—"The first thing that struck my eye was a pair of gloves." Empty? Or were there hands inside them?

R. B. (Colchester).—"The modern girl objects to being kept indefinitely in a glass case." After all, she's not a railway sandwich.

G. A. (Cardiff).—"My wife couldn't tell a lie to save her life." Whereas some women tell a lie the moment they hear it drop.

INDIGNANT (Bristol).—"There are hundreds of absconding husbands in this town alone." Not all of them are alone, surely!

E. C. (Croydon).—"I was motoring near Long Acre last week but hadn't time to call on you." Oh, well, you'll run into us sooner or later.

I. L. (Hammersmith).—"The writer and producers of these bad films should be punished. Why aren't they?" Someone is always screening them.

D. M. (Chelsea).—"What happens to old gramophone records and old needles?" As far as we can hear they are used in conjunction with old gramophones.

A. L. C. (Reigate).—"Have you heard the cuckoo yet?" No—but there are signs of spring on the *Bullets* page. Turn over one leaf and you'll have a seasonable surprise.

V. Y. (Tooting).—"There wasn't a very big account of my daughter's wedding in the local paper." But no doubt the account will be sent on to you later.

"Handicap" (Wembley).—"The B.B.C. ought to include the golf tournament in its running commentaries on sport." S——sh! Don't you know that in most families the children listen?

F. H. (Stafford).—"Whenever I hammer a nail into the wall I inevitably hit my finger." Hold the hammer with both hands.

K. D. (Chiswick).—"I came up to town to see you on Friday, but couldn't find your office." Friday always was our lucky day.

EMPLOYER (London, E.C.).—"What can you do with girls who keep one eye on their work and one on the clock?" Tell them to stop squinting.

F. M. (Maida Vale).—"Skirts are to be longer." The educational authorities will have to arrange for it to be explained to the children what laps are.

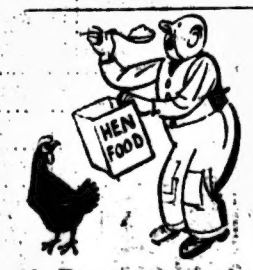
L. Y. (Retford).—"I gave my wife some money for her birthday and she bought a mangle." And now she's going to put you through it, we suppose?

J. L. (Kew).—"Most bridegrooms, I notice, are very silent during the wedding breakfast." Perhaps they feel they have said too much already.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."



"FULHAM CHRONICLE":—"Six backyard hens owned by Mr. Beaney . . . are laying five eggs daily. . . . YOU, TOO, CAN DO JUST AS WELL."

"SUNDAY DISPATCH":—"The skirt, as shown in the sketch, is LONG at the BACK and SHORT in SUMMER."

"THE PETERBOROUGH CITIZEN":—"Monthly Furniture Sales, commencing with STORE PIGS at 11.45 o'c."

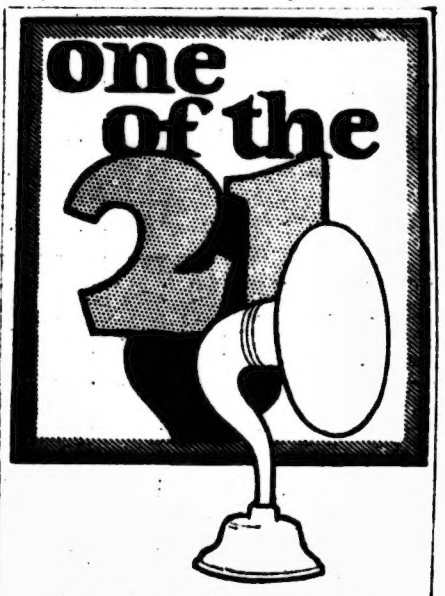
"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"Petrol poured from the tank and did between £20 and £30 damage to the bus before the fire put out the FLAMES."

"WOMAN'S COMPANION":—"It may surprise you to know that fifty out of every hundred childless marriages are due to the FATHER."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"When near the Cleveland Villas, he suddenly observed the DEAD man COME from behind an electric lamp and STEP from the footpath into the road."

"TIVERTON GAZETTE AND EAST DEVON HERALD":—"There was a FULL attendance of members, only two being ABSENT."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"Lady Wynton had nothing to say, but SAT STILL, ROCKING HERSELF to and fro on the side of the bed."



Amplion Swan Neck

A.R.9 - - 35/-

Only 35/- . . . but an Amplion! A wonderful speaker — low in price but high in quality. This instrument's performance will delight all listeners.

21 Models, 35/- to £42

Catalogues from all Radio Dealers or from

GRAHAM AMPLION LTD.
26, Savile Row, W.1. Works: SLOUGH

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT

FREE

One for You and one for Your Friend

Hurry up!

SOONER than you think, sunny days will be here and you will then give a lot to be able to take photographs of your friends, your family, and your outings with a magnificent "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

But—if you wish to secure one of these wonderful Gifts Free—not only for yourself but for a friend as well, you must send in your application without delay. Of the original 125,000 Cameras set aside for Free distribution to "John Bull" readers only a limited number now remain.

Be warned in time—you must hurry,—otherwise this great opportunity will have gone for ever. Make no mistake about the Camera we offer. It is a genuine "J.B. Ensign," beautifully made by skilled British craftsmen—a real first-grade Camera, not a toy.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper. Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. **Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.**
2. **Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.**

We will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE.

It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

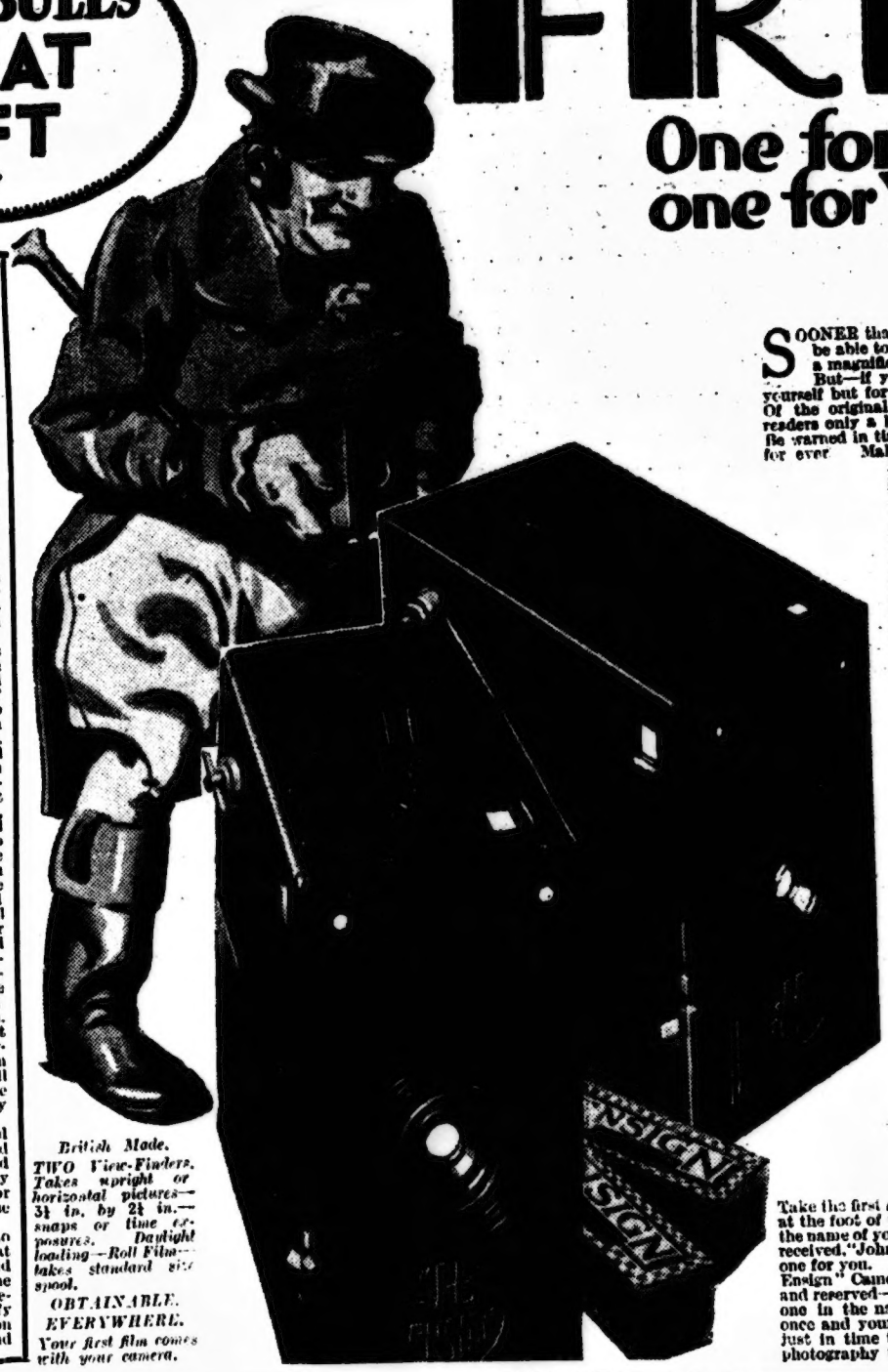
A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published on the left.

Act to-day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms at the foot of this page filled in to-day. The forms below reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received, "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once and your Gift Cameras will reach you just in time for you to enjoy the fun of photography the whole season through.

Post the Forms below at once!



British Made.
TWO View-Finders. Takes upright or horizontal pictures—3¼ in. by 2¼ in.—snaps or time exposures. Daylight loading—Roll Film—takes standard size spool.
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.
Your first film comes with your camera.

Rules & Conditions

It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend whois being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, **both applicants will be disqualified.**

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

When your gift Voucher is complete—that is, after you have given "John Bull" and "The People" a trial and NOT before—all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with 10d. to cover cost of actual postage and packing. In addition, for your convenience and so that your gift reaches you ready for use, we have specially arranged with the Manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2¼ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 3¼ by 2¼. For this you send 1s. 2d.—the ordinary retail price. You thus receive your Camera completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers, price 1s. 2d. each.

This offer is limited to the first 125,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

1d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL" Gift Department
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name .....

Address .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.4), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is not at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....DATE

A. 4

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

*("John Bull") .....

.....

*("The People") .....

.....

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form from page two of cover. J.B. 23.2.29. Available until 9.3.29. **Please write clearly.**

Checked.....

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST BE filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.4), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

(*)Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

("The People") .....

.....

If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked.....

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp—and send in with these Forms

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 MAR 29

100 BIG EASTER HAMPERS

Each hamper contains an Aylesbury Duckling, Fresh Green Peas, Bottle of Gooseberries, Preserved Cream, Easter Cake, Fruit Cordial, Chocolate Easter Egg Marzipan, Easter Egg, Cigarettes & a Bottle of Fine Old Port.

Hampers will be despatched on Tuesday March 26 to reach winners in good time for Easter.

and

1ST PRIZE **£300**

2ND PRIZE **£50**

3RD PRIZE **£25**

523 BULLETS' CASH PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2-10

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

Hurry up—this week only!

"BULLETS" BULLETIN

Send Halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for current issue to BULLETIN Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2.

HOW TO WIN AN EASTER HAMPER.

DETAILS of the latest *Bullets* surprise are before you and the current quick-result offer, with its £300 First Prize, brings a seasonable novelty in the shape of 100 Big Easter Hampers, each containing an Aylesbury Duckling, fresh green peas and eight other luxuries of the season. Dine with JOHN BULL at Easter and you will realise why *Bullets* Hampers are so popular.

You can soon learn how to make *Bullets*. Take one of the *Examples* alongside and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. The prize *Bullets* on this page show you some types of lines which prove successful.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 707

BRITAIN'S GRATITUDE
REDSUE PARTY
LIKE MUSHROOMS
SPECIALLY FOR HE
NEEDS PROTECTION
PRETTY THINGS
A BLACK SPOT
HIS PRICE
LOSING GROUND
EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM
WORDS ARE CHEAP

LADS OF THE VILLAGE
ALL UP
ROAD TO HAPPINESS
A MISFIT
SPIDER'S WEB
SHE SPOKE HER MIND, AND
JUST ONE MORE
BABY'S SMILE
WITH ALL HER FAULTS
IN POVERTY'S GRIP
HE WASN'T HANDSOME, BUT

WISDOM OF SOLOMON
JUST AT THE MOMENT
SHATTERED DREAM
ANCIENT HISTORY
LEARNING TO DANCE
COMING ON
RESTORED TO HEALTH
RUCTIONS
A DARE-DEVIL
"SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED!"

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, March 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(707) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, March 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(707) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, March 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(707) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s, 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, March 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(707) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 707, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 703

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mr. CHARLES STERREY, The Marshes, Longhope, Glos.

Example:—THANKS TO THE B.B.C.

Bullet:—WE KNOW IT'S SUNDAY!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

...s. W. MICHIE, 8, Spylaw Road, Merchiston, Edinburgh.

...ample:—THE PUBLIC

...llet:—WAKING UP—"GETTING TIRED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

...s. S. MILES, Glanvilles, Weston Sherborne, Dorset.

...ample:—FOREIGNERS

...llet:—"QUEER"—BUT "CUSTOMERS."

Other Prizes:

...0: J. W. NIGHTINGALE, 14, High Street, Wednesfield, Staffs.
UNDER CONTROL—REASON TRADE'S "RUNNING AWAY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

...8: T. J. EDMUNDS, 27, Sherborne Road, Sebastopol, Mon.
ANOTHER MILLION — SIGNATURES—UNEMPLOYED'S WEEKLY "PETITION."

...6:—E. GELL, 206, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.
THE PUBLIC—"STUDIED"—OR "TEACHING LESSON."

...4:—W. HOLMES, 80, Regent Street, Castleford.
"WELL DONE, ENGLAND!"—BUT *How's Englishmen* DOING?

...2:—J. A. BAIN, 68, Haugh Road, Inverness.
EVENTUALLY—WOMEN BUSY "KNITTING" NATIONS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

...0:—J. BAILEY, 132, Radcliffe Road, Haugh, Bolton.
SIGNING ON—WITH RUBBER STAMPS, NEXT!

...8—C. J. GRIFFITHS, 6, Wylcwm Villas, Knighton, Rads.
ANOTHER MILLION—EASIER THAN FIRST FIVER.

10 Prizes of £6 each:

...y Officer CHESTER, c/o 36, Lucas Road, Colchester.
...INKING—PRESS SAVES—OR PROVOKES.
...OCKERILL, 84, Cedar Street, Derby.
...E PUBLIC—*Can't* SAVE—GOVERNMENT *Won't*.
...K. DOYLE, 6, Johnson Crescent, Houghton-le-Spring.
...RLY BIRD—IN HAPPY MARRIAGES, STORK.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
...J. JONES, Vicarage Lane, Bracknell.
...WELL DONE, ENGLAND!"—"AND WELL TAKEN, AUSTRALIA!"
...E. KNIGHT, 58, Blenheim Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.
...ANKS TO THE B.B.C.—WET EVENINGS MADE "DRY."
...V. RHYS, "Mayfield," Streetgate, Newcastle.
...RLY BIRD—EATING FROM FORTUNE'S HAND.
...SHIMELD, Walpole, St. Andrew, Wisbech.
...HONOUR BOUND—BETTER THAN APRON-STRINGS.
...BOTHAM, 21, Commercial Brow, Newton, Hyde, Ches.
...E PUBLIC—EXPECTED REFORMS—RE-FORMING EXPECTATIONS.
...OMAS, 39a, Electric Avenue, Brixton, S.W.
...INKING—POLITICIANS HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF.
...WALSH, 81, Station Road, Finchley.
THE BRINK—MINERS, TAXPAYERS, TRADE—GOVERNMENT.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 £5 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. Any reader can receive a copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, on application to the "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

A list of 500 2s. 6d. Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

All Prizes have been posted.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 708.

First Prize £8 a week for life; *or* Ideal Home, Furniture, Motor-car and £1,000; *or* £3,000 cash—Second Prize, £200—Third Prize, £50—Fourth Prize, £25—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—50 Prizes of £1—100 of 10s., 2,000 of 2s. 6d., 12,000 "Target" Prizes.

Our Sailor King—Britain's Story—Laughing At The Law—Ideal Budget—To Ease The Situation—Flirting With Death—Some People Say—According To Grandpa—A Million Unemployed—Radium—Winston's Chance—In Life's Traffic—In Her Favour—Modern Love—Sooner or Later—Missing—Spending Too Much—A Good Deed—I'll Be Rich When—In The Political Arena—Toil And Trouble—Peaceful World—The Right Road—He Was Honest, But—In Utopia—Doing Some Thinking—Boldly—Enormous—A Surprise Packet—Shivering In His Shoes—As A Matter Of Fact—Public Benefactor—Marriage And Divorce—Our Parrot—Eggs — All Women — Saved — A Warning—Last Of All—Is This A Free Country?

(Closing Saturday, March 16th).

The original Cheque for £700 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 702 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. H. Brennan, Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 707 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

YOU CAN LAUGH AT 'FLU

CHILLS-COLDS-COUGHS

IF YOU MAINTAIN YOUR BODILY POWER OF RESISTANCE

In view of the influenza epidemic now raging, special attention is directed to this announcement.

Yeast is Life!

Great 'Yeast-Vite' OFFER!

It is proved beyond doubt by Medical Authorities that the men and women who most easily succumb to the terrible ravages of the "Flu" germ are those whose vitality is at a low ebb.

A Cold or a Chill may start the trouble. WITHIN A MATTER OF A FEW HOURS the Vitality is so impaired and the Bodily Power of Resistance so weakened that this very *Dangerous Germ* obtains a lodgment in the system.

Therefore *YOU* must realise the GRAVE PERILS of All Winter Ills. YOU must fortify YOUR system against infection. YOU must increase *your* Nerve Strength. YOU must Purify *your* blood. YOU must Strengthen *your* Digestive Power . . . . *Then You can Laugh at Flu!*

How to COMBAT 'FLU

Authoritative advice is given to ALL to-day. Do not wait until it is TOO LATE. Accept the Great Public Offer extended to you by Irving's Yeast-Vite—the wonderful offer of NO CURE—NO PAY! Then, at the very first signs of coming illness—if you feel *Over-Tired, Run Down, Nervy, Headachy, Stricken with Lassitude, Disinclined to Eat, Disturbed in Sleep, or Exhausted* after the day's work, take two or three Yeast-Vite Tablets (the richest known source of Vitamin "B") and quickly FEEL FRESH AND BUOYANT.

40,000 Testimonials.

"Having been suffering for six months with terrible pains in my head and other ailments almost unbearable to stand, resulting in a serious nervous breakdown, I was advised to try Yeast-Vite Tablets which resulted in my road to recovery after taking the first bottle. I regained my appetite and my normal health again. I am positive they saved my life." Mrs. W. McC.

NO CURE——NO PAY

This is unquestionably the greatest Health Offer ever made to the Public.

Simply obtain from ANY Chemist a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Irving's Yeast-Vite tablets, and if, after personal test you are not thoroughly convinced of their wonderful Tonic and Restorative powers, post the empty carton to the address below, with the Government stamp attached, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

READ THE "YEAST-VITE" AMAZING HEALTH TIME-TABLE.

Irving's Yeast-Vite The Lightning Pick-Me-Up.

FROM	TO	TIME
Headaches & Neuralgia	Relief & Easement	In 5 MINUTES
Indigestion	Joyful Health	In 5/10 MINUTES
Biliousness	Healthy Appetite	In 10/15 MINUTES
Depression	Buoyant Energy	In 10/15 MINUTES
Exhaustion	Energetic Activity	In 10/15 MINUTES
Disordered Stomach	Bodily Comfort	In 10/15 MINUTES
"Nerves"	Calm Delight	In 10/15 MINUTES
Colds	Free Breathing	In 24 HOURS
Rheumatism	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS
Feverishness	Normal	In 24 HOURS
Constipation	Regularity	In 36 HOURS

IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TONIC TABLETS

The Lightning 'Pick-Me-Up.' From all Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Bottle.

Or Post Free on receipt of price direct from IRVING'S YEAST-VITE, Ltd., Medical Yeast Specialists, WATFORD, HERTS.

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